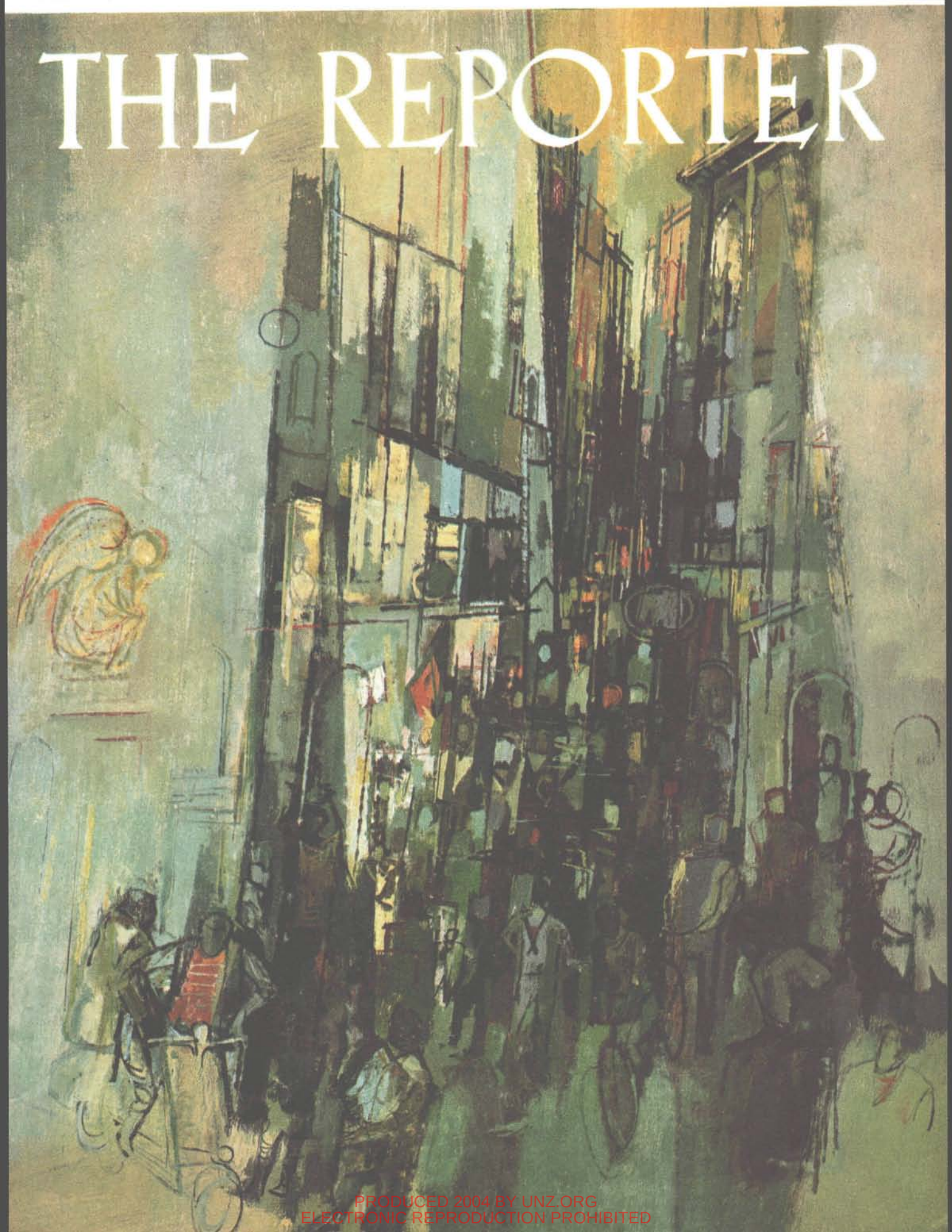
France: Once More the Heart of Europe
June 26, 1958 25¢
The Murder of In Ho Oh (page 21)

THE REPORTER



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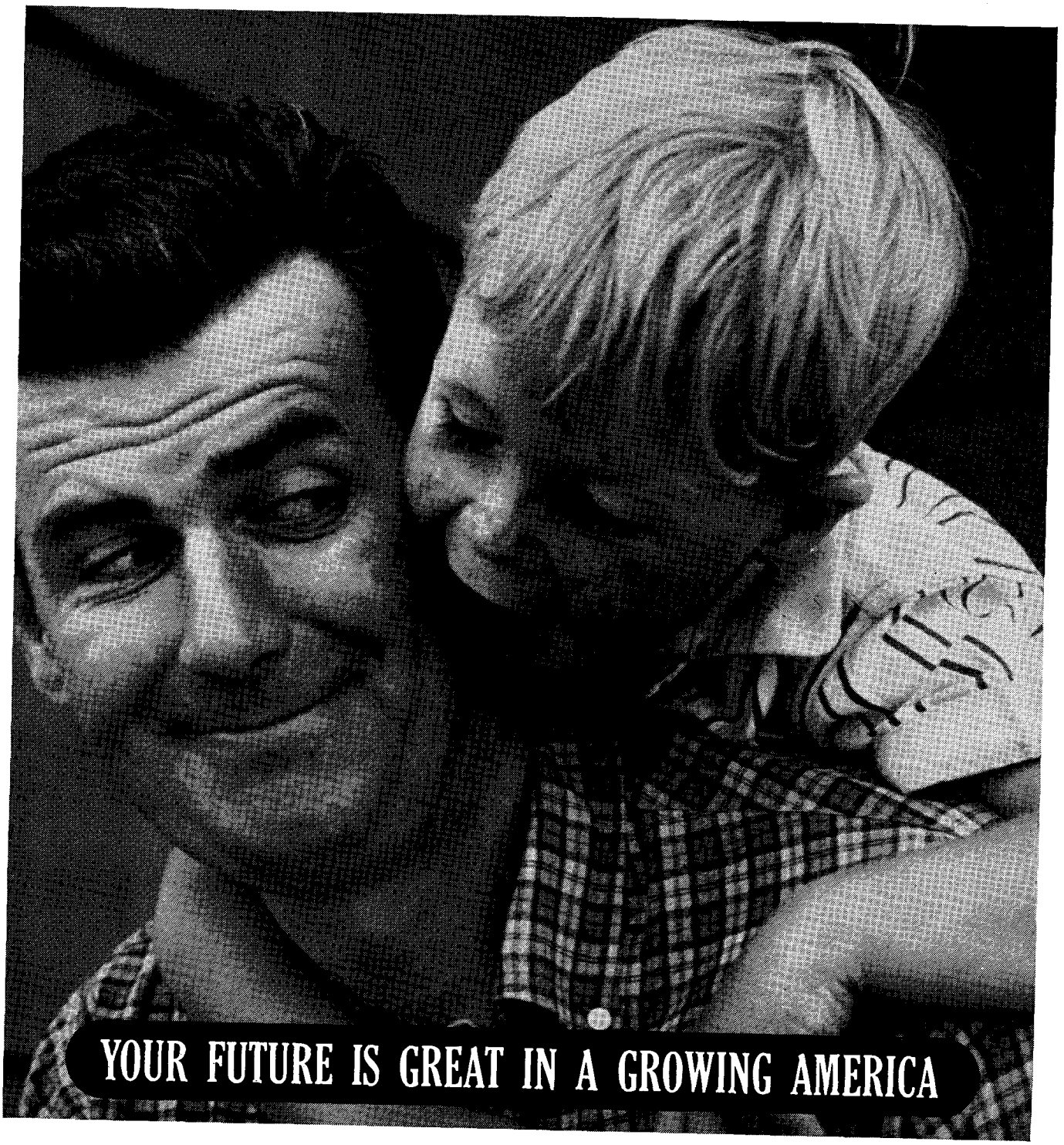

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Dawson, Ga., U.S.A.

It is not the primary function of the press, we suppose, to investigate crimes, and particularly that ultimate crime which is called murder. In civil—as distinguished from brutish—society, the principle has been repeatedly proclaimed that murder cannot be left unchallenged and unpunished, and that public authorities are charged with the punishment as well as the investigation of murder. The Declaration of Independence says that all men "are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights," and, first of all, with that of Life itself. The Fourteenth Amendment specifically proclaims: "nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." But there can be no doubt that even before the amendment was ratified in 1868, murder was considered a violation of a considerable number of laws and of moral principles, including "Thou shalt not kill."

Yet these principles seem to be somewhat debatable in Dawson, Georgia. In fact, the investigation of two murder cases allegedly committed by the local police had to be taken over by a reporter for the Washington *Post and Times Herald*. His name is Robert E. Lee Baker.

The story the Washington *Post* carried is horrid beyond belief. Yet it seemed persuasive enough to stir up the attention of the Federal Civil Rights Commission. But its staff director, Gordon M. Tiffany, said, according to an AP dispatch, that "the commission had before it only a story by a Washington *Post and Times Herald* reporter relating how two Negroes died after brushes with the police."

According to the AP, Mr. Tiffany said that other Federal agencies will be asked to assist in the study of the Dawson affair. And, he added, "It is not the intention of this commission to go running to the FBI." At least in this respect, he was probably giving some credit to the Baker story, in which Dawson Police Chief Howard L. Lee was quoted as having said, "These FBI men investigating everything aggravates me. I don't mind the investigating part, we got nothing to hide. But coming down here all the time is a waste of taxpayers' money. It aggravates me worse because the FBI starts talking to niggers and then the niggers get to thinking they're important and it stirs them up."

On which other Federal agency, we may ask, is Mr. Tiffany to call for an investigation? Yet Mr. Tiffany, if he puts his mind to it, might find out that the situation in Dawson is not untypical of what goes on in other parts of Georgia and of the South. In fact, he himself happens to be the staff director of a particular Federal agency that was established last year to investigate just this kind of situation but—so far—has done nothing.

THE WASHINGTON *Post's* story on Dawson was reprinted by the New York *Post*. But the AP did not see fit even to summarize it, and only released some dispatches casting doubt on its veracity—in addition, of course, to the bland comments of Mr. Tiffany.

It is alarming enough to conclude that in certain parts of the country the investigation of murder is left to the press. It is even more alarming that only a few, very few, newspapers like the Washington *Post* live up to this responsibility.

HEAVEN-SENT

"The possibility of husband-and-wife scientist teams voyaging through space and begetting children on the way was seriously cited today at a gathering of leading space scientists."—New York Times

"Where have you come from, little child?"
"I've come from out of the not so wild
Blue yonder. Mommy and daddy were orbiting there,
And wham! I came right out of the air."
"How do you like it out in space?"
"Oh, I guess it's like any other place."
"Tell me, child, do you ever wonder
What it was like before your birth—
On Earth?"
"Daddy says it was lovely there,
Much more fun than up in the air,
But there was a boom and no more room
So we had to move to the stratosphere.
See my rocket?
Zoom!"

—SEC

What Price Free Trade?

Though we were as happy as the next free-trader to see the overwhelming vote in the House for the administration's reciprocal-trade program, we are not prepared to hail it unreservedly as a sign of triumphant executive leadership.

Take, for instance, the question of the escape clause, which for fifteen years has enabled domestic manufacturers to gain some measure of relief from damages suffered from

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lower tariffs. Throughout that period the President, whether Democrat or Republican, has played a key role in preventing its runaway application at the expense of an effective trade policy. The White House has reversed the U.S. Tariff Commission in a majority of such cases. The decision has often been made in the face of a unanimous Commission vote favoring import quotas, increased tariffs, or other penalties.

There are good reasons why the President has been the traditional defender and final arbiter of trade policy. The Tariff Commission sticks close to the technical considerations of each single case. Congress is under constant pressure from the folks back home. It is only the White House that can to some extent defend itself from parochial pressures and shape our trade policies according to our national interest.

The revised version of the administration's own bill deprives the President of the power of final decision and provides that Congress by a two-thirds vote can override him. We can already hear the roar of log-rolling on Capitol Hill. "If you vote for my frozen fish fillets, I'll vote for your hand-blown glassware."

Yet the national interest has to be taken care of by somebody. Will the Senate help the President to regain his power as ultimate arbiter? Or will its changes only make a fairly good bill worse?

The Importance of Being Ernst

Morris L. Ernst's "Report and Opinion" on the disappearance of Jesús de Galíndez, far from solving that grim mystery, adds to it the further mystery of Morris L. Ernst. Until his entrance into the Galíndez case, what we knew about it came mainly from a remarkable article in *Life*, which told a hair-raising story about the abduction of the Basque scholar on the streets of New York by agents of Generalissimo Trujillo. It will be recalled that Galíndez was allegedly spirited into oblivion on a private plane piloted by a young American named Gerald Murphy, who in turn vanished after delivering his prisoner to the self-styled *Benefactor de la Patria*.

Since Mr. Ernst's review of the case attempts at every point to cast doubt on *Life's* version of the affair, that publication has responded to the challenge and may return to the matter in greater detail. Mr. Ernst must also contend with Representative Charles O. Porter, from Gerald Murphy's home state of Oregon, who seems determined to get to the bottom of the affair. Even more committed is the U.S. State Department, whose unusual action in the matter is strangely ignored in the Ernst report. On May 2, 1957, the department handed the Dominican ambassador a note which read in part: "sufficient evidence has now been uncovered to indicate that Mr. Murphy may have been connected with the disappearance of Dr. Jesús de Galíndez in New York on or about March 12, 1956, acting on behalf of or in association with certain Dominican and American nationals." American nationals certainly do act without the knowledge and connivance of their government. But the same cannot always be said about Dominicans.

It is difficult to understand why this well-known lawyer should go on portraying himself as a unique sort of international tribunal. Obviously Mr. Ernst has enjoyed this exalted status. In his letter of acceptance, published as Exhibit 1 in the report, he calls attention to this history-making role: "Incidentally, I have tried to locate an analogous situation in the history of the governments of the world. I find no case where a Sovereign State has accepted, in effect, for any important inquiry of this nature, the judgment of a citizen of another Sovereign State." And so Morris Ernst dealt with a sovereign state as if he, too, were a sovereign state instead of just the private citizen of one who had been hired to do a job for another.

His quick descent from this lofty niche to that of an ordinary defense lawyer would be strongly denied by Mr. Ernst, but to the interested observer his report is a model of special pleading. Twice, for example, he mentions, as though to demonstrate to what lengths he went to seek out the facts, that the first person hired for his staff was Albert Hicks, author of the violently anti-Trujillo book *Blood in the Streets*. Nowhere does he confide to the reader that Mr. Hicks soon resigned in anger, charging a whitewash.

Not only does the Ernst report give Trujillo a clean bill of health in the Galíndez affair but it goes far out of its way to rehabilitate the reputation of that shoddy tyrant. The report states: "It hardly seems possible that such a kidnapping could have been conducted successfully by anything less than a small brigade of trusted criminals"—as though such an enterprise were wholly alien to Trujillo's way of doing business. The Dominican inquiry into Murphy's death, about which the State Department expressed its suspicions, struck Ernst as having been conducted "under the best of Anglo-Saxon legal tradition." And the statement that he was allowed to examine any person in the Dominican Republic is not accompanied by the faintest suggestion that perhaps a Dominican would find it unhealthy to say anything that might reflect unfavorably upon the régime.

All in all, as the Washington *Post and Times Herald* puts it, "The strangest fact about the report is that Mr. Ernst seems willing to grant every presumption in favor of a cut-throat régime, while making every presumption against Trujillo's critics." As a sovereign judicial entity, Mr. Ernst leaves something to be desired, at least if we judge according to Anglo-Saxon rather than Dominican standards.

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after the next issue, dated July 10, your next copy will be dated August 7. That will be followed by the September 4 issue, when our regular fortnightly publishing schedule will be resumed. The dropping of the two issues does not affect the number of issues each subscriber receives.

DISCRETION

If it's in being a puritan
  Your reputation's built on,
Pick up your tabs at the Sheraton,
  Pay your bills at the Hilton.

—Sec

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CORRESPONDENCE

WELCOME HOME, VAN!

To the Editor: Bravo for Abram Chasins' Van Cliburn article (*The Reporter*, May 29). I should like to express my sincere envy at such eloquence in the service of the right idea and attitude.

GEORGE SZELL
Paris

To the Editor: I thought Abram Chasins' article an excellent piece of work and that *The Reporter* had chosen exactly the right man to deal with this subject.

LEOPOLD MANNES, President
Mannes College of Music
New York

To the Editor: So many of the articles in your excellent magazine are worthy of favorable comment that if I wrote you every time I read one that seemed worthy of praise, your mail would be even fuller than I suspect it already is. However, Abram Chasins' article on Van Cliburn seemed to me so well written, to embody such sound appraisal of this uniquely gifted young musician, and to reflect such wisdom, musical and intellectual, that I thought you should at least get this favorable reaction from one of your appreciative readers.

I think more articles like this would go far toward according to music in general and to Van Cliburn in particular the role music should play in our cultural life and demonstrate what a significant factor it can be in bettering international relations.

BENJAMIN J. BUTTENWEISER
New York

INDIA

To the Editor: I fully agree with the general trend of "India's Ten Years of Revolution by Consent" by William Clark (*The Reporter*, May 29), but his equation of India's nonalignment with Monroe Doctrine isolationism does not describe the Indian attitude correctly. Unlike the Monroe Doctrine, Indian foreign policy has never proclaimed spheres of interest and noninterference. India is deeply aware of the interdependence of the world of today, and can never cherish the illusion of improving its lot in a "cocoon." On the contrary, nonalignment is India's policy of preserving its role of a mediator. It is a voluntary minority position of strength though not of power.

INDIRA NALIN ROTHERMUND
International Relations
Department
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

To the Editor: It was encouraging to read in Mr. Clark's article a recognition of the place of rapid population growth in India.

There probably will not be immediate universal acceptance of an improved means of birth control, but there is every indication that there would be a very considerable acceptance in a short time and that the family benefits derived from this would teach their own lesson. The Indians are, after all, only part of the more than one billion people whose governments are now actively promoting birth control. The most vigorous program seems to be in mainland China, and the results there are not likely to be lost on India.

WILLIAM VOGT
National Director
Planned Parenthood
Federation of America, Inc.
New York

IOWA

To the Editor: I have just read Dale Kramer's excellent article "Hog-tied Farmers in the Corn Belt" (*The Reporter*, May 29). What he said was so true that he might have been talking with one of my neighbors or with me.

JIM MURPHY, President
Farmers Union, Local No. 3
Terril, Iowa

'BUST A GUT LAFFIN'

To the Editor: By Paul Jacobs's definition ("Good Guys, Bad Guys, and Congressman Walter," *The Reporter*, May 15), I'm one of the bad Good Guys of Hollywood who helped run the good Bad Guys out of town, particularly out of the Screen Writers' Guild.

Mr. Jacobs uses the Carl Foreman case to giggle at those of us out here who were lard-headed enough to think we were resisting a bunch of ranahans who were trying to take over the town.

To hear him tell it, what happened in Hollywood around 1947, the Year of the Ten Martyrs, was all *opéra bouffe*, founded on the amusingly ludicrous idea that Communists—if they *were* Communists—tried to influence the American mind through motion pictures.

I know nothing about the accuracy of Mr. Jacobs's reporting as to monkeyshines between Foreman, Columbia, and Congressman Walter, but underlying it is the smug assumption that it was noble and praiseworthy of Foreman, as it was of Arthur Miller, to refuse to name names. To be consistent, Mr. Jacobs must hail Dave Beck *fils* as a paladin in the cause of civil liberties for refusing to admit who his papa is. Either that, or Mr. Jacobs believes the Teamos are really bad Bad Guys but hasn't got around to reading somewhere that the Hollywood good Bad Guys were tied up with a mighty mean bunch of international owlhoots, and you can't stop them raids if you don't know who the varmints are.

Mr. Jacobs reveals such a lively sense of humor that it's a pity he wasn't in the picture business before 1947. It was one belly laugh after another to see us bad Good Guys not get jobs because the nice Bad Guys had people in key positions in studios to look after their own; to add up the money and the hours spent by the Screen Writers' Guild trying not to zig or zag as per the latest squirming of the party line; and, finally, to count the number of back-lot workers whose earning capacity was destroyed by the party-manipulated strike of 1946.

Pardner, Mr. Jacobs woulda plumb bust a gut laffin.

PAUL GANGELIN
Hollywood

BRAVE NEW WORDS

To the Editor: The time is ripe for an agonizing reappraisal of your nervously tittering, spinsterishly pussyfooting attitude toward the social sciences. This attitude was most recently put in evidence in your comments in *The Reporter's* Notes of May 29, under the heading "Brave New Words."

What makes you cackle like a small-town gossip attempting literary criticism of *Peyton Place* when social scientists use phrases such as "life cycle group," "highly gregarious low status woman," "two step flow of influence"? I have never found any objection on your part to the "finite cyclic groups" of the mathematician, or to the "stratocumulus mammatus" of the meteorologist, or to anybody's "three-stage rocket." If you know of a good way to avoid the use of some terms with technical meanings while trying to make knowledge more precise, let us hear about it.

In a review published recently in *The Reporter*, Professor J. K. Galbraith wrote that the modern university "combines search for truth with basic research into how the public can be bamboozled." Alas, our universities do that, just as they combine search for truth with basic research on human extermination (atomic physics), on how to poison people (chemistry, pharmacology, not to mention toxicology), how to manipulate people (public administration), how to rob the public (economics, business), how to compose a well-written lie (English composition). This is a fact no wailing will undo.

This merits some serious thinking, a process in which anything is allowed but the rejection of the problem, be it by ridicule, nervous titter, or claims to have solved it. What difference does it make whether thinking is done by or is based on the work of individuals, or of committees, or of research projects? Some work is done better by a number of collaborators than by a single person. Publishing a magazine, for example, is such a "project," yet, in spite of your aphorism, not all involved in the publishing of magazines are incapable of thinking.

ARNOLD SIMMEL
New York

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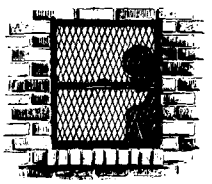

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BY HENRI ALLEG

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GEORGE BRAZILLER, Publisher, New York

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AT THE TIME our last issue closed, **Max Ascoli** was in Europe, and he was still there when de Gaulle came to power. He reports on the situation created in Europe by this event—an event that may turn out to be the most important one since the end of the war. With de Gaulle at the head of France, our inter-Allied policies will be subjected here at home to thorough scrutiny and possible revision, just as abroad some of the institutions of parliamentary democracy will be scrutinized and possibly revised.

Some readers may be surprised by our Editor's attitude toward recent events in France. But the fact is that his consistent opposition to totalitarianism does not lead him to the conclusion that wherever a situation centers around one man there must necessarily be totalitarianism. Political freedom does not consist in the constant application of corporate togetherness in the making of decisions. Of course there is the danger that phony de Gaulles will spring up all over the place, but there are two ways to take care of them: first, by exposing their phoniness; second, by establishing clearly the unique characteristics of the real de Gaulle.

The story that our regular correspondent **Edmond Taylor** has sent in from Paris shows how, in the extraordinarily complicated and dangerous negotiations between de Gaulle and the leaders of the democratic parties, both sides were inspired by the highest degree of patriotism. The leaders of these parties did not want de Gaulle to come to power as the result of a military *coup d'état;* neither did de Gaulle. Those democratic leaders who to the end voted against de Gaulle were inspired by an equal patriotism. They may have been convinced that while de Gaulle needs co-operation within his cabinet, he also needs opposition outside it.

Italy's political crisis is in no way comparable with that of France—for one reason because in Italy there is not even the faintest approximation to a de Gaulle. With so large a Communist Party, as **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, reports from Rome, Italy is unlikely to have a working democracy, or presently enjoy a political system that provides very much room for alternatives.

WHILE WE AGREE only on a rather limited number of subjects with Senator Knowland, he is a man for whom we have a great personal respect. **Steven Warshaw,** a California writer, describes the political situation in a state that seems to be providing an inordinate number of possible Presidential candidates with whom Senator Knowland will have to contend. . . . The Supreme Court has recently delivered two decisions that constitute a considerable threat to organized labor, certainly a much greater threat than the so-called slave-labor Taft-Hartley Act. **John Troy** is an expert on labor. . . . **Anthony Rudd,** who is on the staff of the Manchester *Guardian,* points out the interdependence of the pound sterling and the U. S. dollar. . . . It is surprising that the French should find themselves in such an inextricable mesh of disappointment and failure in North Africa when they have done so brilliant and successful a job in French Equatorial and French West Africa. **J. H. Huizinga** is international correspondent for the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant.*

William Harlan Hale, a former staff member, is managing editor of the forthcoming magazine *Horizon.* . . . **John Rosselli** is on the staff of the Manchester *Guardian.* . . . **Gerald Weales** is on the faculty at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **Stuart Chase,** an eminent lay economist, reviews the book of an eminent academic economist. . . . **Marcus Cunliffe** is the author of *George Washington: Man and Monument* (Little, Brown). . . . **Meg Greenfield** is a member of *The Reporter's* staff. . . . **Nathaniel Peffer** is professor of international relations at Columbia University.

Our cover is by **Al Blaustein.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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VOLUME 18, NO. 13 **JUNE 26, 1958**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 1

France and Her Neighbors

ONCE MORE THE HEART OF EUROPE . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 6
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTIES AND THE GENERAL . . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 8
ITALY VOTES: MORE LEFT, LESS RIGHT, SAME OLD CENTER . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 11

At Home & Abroad

SENATOR KNOWLAND LOSES ROUND ONE . . . . . *Steven Warshaw* 14
THE SUPREME COURT AND THE PICKET LINE . . . . . *John Troy* 16
AMERICA'S STAKE IN STERLING . . . . . *Anthony Rudd* 19
THE MURDER OF IN HO OH . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 21
FRENCH BLACK AFRICA BY-PASSES 'THE TEMPEST OF NATIONALISM' . . . . . *J. H. Huizinga* 25

Views & Reviews

PRESIDENT WILSON, DR. FREUD, AND 'THE STORY OF A STYLE' . . . . . *William Harlan Hale* 28
THE PRIVATE VILLAGES THAT ARE LONDON TOWN . . . . . *John Rosselli* 30
Movies: THE TWILIGHT OF AN AGING PRODIGY . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 33
THE ECONOMIC EMBARRASSMENT OF AMERICA'S RICHES . . . . . *Stuart Chase* 34
LOVE THAT DICHOTOMY! . . . . . *Marcus Cunliffe* 37
HALF-PEOPLE IN A DOUBLE WORLD . . . . . *Meg Greenfield* 38
SOME OF ASIA'S MANY FACES . . . . . *Nathaniel Peffer* 40

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Once More the Heart of Europe

MAX ASCOLI

HOME AGAIN from Europe, much of what I thought and heard there seems to recede into comparative unimportance. But some feelings I had in Paris one day, the day of May 26, haunt me, and I don't know whether, if ever, I will be relieved of their poignancy.

In Italy anti-clericalism is rampant I found, and yet the electoral process does not provide it with even remotely adequate expression. A formidable number of Italians want no part in the existing political order and keep voting Communist just because the Communist Party has no chance of sharing power with the Christian Democrats.

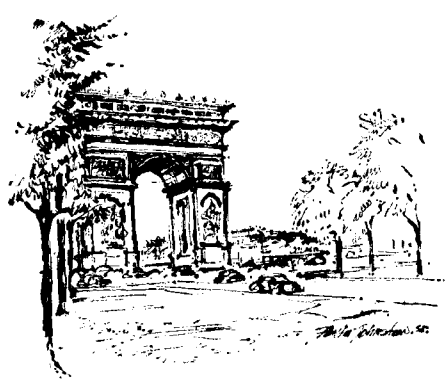
In London I found a strange political lassitude, a tiredness with both major parties, and that bitter mixture of anger at each other and concern with seemingly unendurable national difficulties that only a few years ago seemed to be the monopoly of Paris. But all these and many more troubles that I found in Italy and in Great Britain I had known before and, I am sure, will be awaiting me next time.

IN PARIS I saw that lurid thing that is a nation without institutions. The actual reality of anarchy hits you and paralyzes your thinking. You only know that you are lonely and miserable.

Are the gendarmes in the guardrooms of the ministries the protectors or the keepers of the men in power? Perhaps they themselves don't know and, you are told, it all depends. Depends on what? you ask. Anything may happen.

Gendarmes and Gardes Mobiles are grouped in front of many buildings on the Champs Elysées and in strategic squares, clustered around their Black Marias. Near them are harmless onlookers and obvious thugs. The movies of René Clair have taught all of us to recognize the Parisian thug. If the killers run loose, what will the police do? You look at a gendarme and wonder. When the moment comes—as it may any minute—to take the pistol from its holster, whom is he going to fire at, poor little man? He is no longer an agent of the law. He *is* the law—all that's left of it. Everybody, gendarme or thug, is the law when he has a gun.

That morning, I had been told that the Pflimlin cabinet could not count on the loyalty of the armed services. It was not a revolt—or not yet. It was simply that the levers of command did not respond, or could not be counted upon to respond. Yet no new cabinet was in sight, and moreover, what was fast coming to an end was not just a cabinet but



that constitutional form of government called the Fourth Republic.

Between the Fourth and a Fifth Republic, there could be civil war. True, the Communists were expected to put up only a token fight, if any. But if shooting starts, if people in the street drop dead, then there is not such a thing as limited civil war. The extreme right wing certainly was readier than the Communists to start the killing, you were told by some left-of-center leaders who, it was said, had been marked for extinction.

The Fourth Republic is dying and the sooner we start the civil war the better, I heard people say. I could not find any reason to mourn the Fourth Republic, and yet I could not help feeling that the death of a legal order, even that of the Fourth Republic, was a horrid thing to behold. Those are the moments when you realize to what an extent men are dependent on their laws. The sovereign individual, when all the legal ties are loosened, turns out to be a rather incongruous lump.

The Statue Steps Down

In all revolutions there has been that spell of void, that hiatus between two orders, which I felt in Paris. Yet even then I could not help sensing something peculiar in that particular revolution. Or was it a revolution? Violence was in the air. It had been in the air for several days before I reached Paris, and remained for several days after I left. True, violence could explode at any moment because of someone's schemes, or trigger-happiness. The paratroopers were expected to land. But even in Algeria, where open rebellion had occurred, not one drop of blood had been spilled.

The cause for that restraint, in Algeria as well as in Paris, had a name: de Gaulle. Maybe it was nothing more than a name. Yet it was toward the man with that name that all minds were turning, and on whose actions—if and when he cared to act—everyone's reactions depended. It was as if de Gaulle had already unified France, at least in the sense that the policies of the various parties and factions were determined by the various expectations of what he would do, or by different interpretations of the way his mind was working. Was he becoming once more France's man of destiny—maybe on borrowed time, perhaps borrowing the time of his own past?

There was something both formidable and eerie in de Gaulle's sudden return to France's political stage. He had spent years making himself into the monumental statue of General

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de Gaulle. Now the statue, like the Commendatore in the last act of *Don Giovanni,* had stepped down from the pedestal.

BUT WHO is de Gaulle? In Paris and in London I kept asking this question of people who had known him, and of political thinkers at large. I don't care to list all the answers I received, for by now they can be found in print everywhere. That he is an egomaniac though an honest one, that he cares above all about re-establishing his country's lost grandeur, that he may turn out to be a Kerensky, thereby paving the way for a dictatorship of the Right or of the Left—all this I have heard, along with, of course, the names of Napoleon III, Boulanger, Mussolini, Franco, and all the rest. Whenever the history we happen to live is disturbed by the occurrence of a new event, the attempt is invariably made to dismiss it as the more or less literal repetition of something that has already happened.

In the case of de Gaulle this is particularly shocking, since we are dealing here with a historic personality, who has taken the utmost pains to give a detailed account of himself and of the role he has played in history. So much has been said about his being a sphinx, although usually sphinxes don't write books.

I was familiar enough with de Gaulle's *Mémoires de Guerre* to know that the book is a masterpiece, written with the religious care for each word and the tireless literary craftsmanship that are already a mark of greatness. Rather than go on inquiring about de Gaulle, I decided to read him. Maybe against the background of the events in Paris I could find in de Gaulle's *Mémoires* the measure both of his greatness and of his limitations.

He Alone

Perhaps all of de Gaulle is in one paragraph of the first volume of his *Mémoires,* the one that has been somewhat translated into English. When he went to London after the fall of France, he knew the staggering magnitude of his self-imposed task. In the worst moment of France's history, he, Brigadier General Charles de Gaulle, had to be France. "As for me," he writes, "at the beginning, I was nothing. At my side, not a shadow of military power or political organization. In France, no following and no reputation. Abroad, neither credit nor standing. But my very lack of everything dictated the line I had to follow. It was only by uncompromisingly pursuing the cause of national salvation that I could find the authority I needed. It was by acting as an inflexible champion of the nation and of the state that

I could gain consent, even enthusiasm, among the French, and that I could win respect and recognition from the outside world. The people who throughout this drama were offended by this intransigence refused to realize that, for me, straining as I was to beat back countless conflicting pressures, the slightest wavering would have brought disaster. In fact, limited and lonely as I was, and just because of this, I had to gain the highest peaks, and never again descend."

Was any one of our wartime leaders subjected to any comparable test? Is there any memory of comparable achievements in the history of free men? De Gaulle remade France, literally as he said, starting from nothing. He wanted to keep France within the alliance, and to do this he had to defend from the Allies the France that he was reassembling piece by piece. Helped only by his faith and by the enthusiasm he was generating, he shouldered his way among the leaders of the Grand Alliance, who all resented him, and some of whom treated him shabbily —worst of all, Franklin Roosevelt.

PERHAPS it was difficult for democratic politicians to understand this man who just could not make compromises. Yet in his *Mémoires* he is singularly lenient with the Allied leaders. He doesn't justify them; neither does he refrain from describing the clashes he had with them. But in the sober reflection of the historian, he succeeds in understanding why they acted toward him the way they did. For actually, after the defeat, what was left of France if not a motley collection of real estate—and most of it in the heart of Dark Africa?

For de Gaulle, the rallying of Dark Africa round his movement was the beginning of the awakening both of Africa and of France. The way ahead was clear to him from that time: the French empire must be transformed into a Union Française, or French commonwealth.

The notion that Metropolitan France is just one part of the French commonwealth—a commonwealth of free, self-ruling peoples equal before the laws that the revolution had given the Republic—this notion is to be found, expressed with the utmost clarity, throughout de Gaulle's *Mémoires.*

So is his republicanism. In fact, his conception of the government France should have, far from being even remotely Napoleonic or plebiscitarian, is that of a classic Jacobin. True, the democratic institution that he likes the least is the party system. But he certainly does not go as far in his condemnation of party politics as did Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the arch-Jacobin of them all.

When France was being reconstructed, first in Algiers and then after the Liberation in Paris, de Gaulle's aim was to harness partisanship, not to suppress it. He failed in his effort, as he failed even more miserably when he, of all people, tried to enter party politics and established the Rassemblement du Peuple Français. The Rassemblement

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was not supposed to act like other political parties, and when de Gaulle realized that in fact it did, he hurried back to Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises.

This man who seems to be enigmatic is actually outspoken and punctiliously clear in the expression of his thinking. He has been worrying about politics or, in the broader sense of the term, he has been in politics most of his adult life. Yet he never ran for office. He is not an enemy of the politicians—indeed he knows that there can be no freedom without politicians. But he is alien to them, and they to him.

He is only good at making France, but is unwilling and unfitted to run it. When the institutions collapse because of external attack, internal rebellion, or political mismanagement, when France is reduced to the bare idea of France, then de Gaulle knows how to become the embodiment of that idea. He has done so twice. It must also be added, however, that he failed after his triumph to prevent the return of the political habits that so greatly contributed to the wartime collapse.

The Second Round

Now he is engaged in a second attempt at remaking France. The difficulties he faces are appalling, yet they are not greater than those he had to face when he went to London, all alone, and, before the mike of the BBC, told his countrymen that France was still fighting.

This time, he must act on Algeria while laying down the foundation for a Fifth Republic, and for a French commonwealth. He will certainly also give new direction to European initiatives within the Atlantic Community. The man who during the war resented so bitterly the fact that France was not treated as an equal by the major powers, certainly knows now that the coalition has grown into a community from which France cannot secede. It is equally certain that de Gaulle will make the full weight of his country felt within the Atlantic Community, for there is no community without Europe, and France is the heart of Europe.

De Gaulle must tackle all his formidable problems concurrently and find solutions for them in an appallingly short time. There is nothing he will do for his country that will not affect the alliance as a whole—not even his reforms of the French constitution, and his attempt to put a brake on partisanship. For it so happens that a certain lassitude toward politics is to be found in a number of European democracies, from Italy to Britain. In the same way, it happens that criticism and resentment of American leadership of the coalition is more acute than ever. This restlessness was bound to find its European leader.

De Gaulle has taken a portentous gamble—and not with France alone. If he fails, if fascists or Communists try to get hold of France, then the civil war will not be limited to France alone. Then the violence that I felt imminent in Paris will have no restraint.

Strangely enough, the fate of western democracy, at least on the European continent, maybe even the survival of the western coalition, largely depends on the success of this extraordinary Frenchman, Charles de Gaulle.

The Democratic Parties And the General

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

A FEW MINUTES after 7 P.M. on Whitsunday, May 25, an unfamiliar and somehow ominous-sounding rumble in the chalky evening sky made me look up from my typewriter. The noise continued for more than a quarter of an hour, swelling up from somewhere behind the chimney pots and the slate roofs on the southern rim of the city, fading, coming back. To the unspoken question in the minds of many Parisians—it was the day after Brigadier General Jacques Massu's paratroopers from Algeria had seized Corsica—next morning's heavily censored papers gave a tantalizingly fragmentary answer. A fleet of requisitioned Air France planes, including the giant, thunderous Armagnac, had taken off at 7 P.M. from Orly Airfield, south of Paris, carrying 360 black-helmeted Republican Security Guards to Marignane Airport near Marseilles. Only a handful of French political leaders and high officials realized at the time that those planes, ferrying shock troops for a loyalist counterinvasion of Corsica, had also carried with them the last hope of the Fourth Republic for blocking General de Gaulle's return to power.

By the time the air armada touched down at Marignane, the hope was already dead. A council of ministers, sitting from 6 to 8:30 P.M., had canceled the Corsican operation, which another council of ministers had decided on the night before and which had been turned over for immediate execution to the iron man of the Republic, Socialist Minister of the Interior Jules Moch.

The abortive Corsican expedition—as the story can now be pieced together from dependable though largely unpublished sources—did not merely usher in the decisive week of the French crisis. By dramatically confronting the government with its own impotence, it precipitated the decision. To overwhelm the insurrection in Corsica, Moch decided that he would have to land some two thousand men backed up by the guns of a naval task force. At the risk of depleting his few trustworthy reserves in mainland France, Moch found the men. And he thought he had the fleet. The cruiser *De Grasse* and four destroyers at Toulon had been put on a two-hour readiness basis as of noon on May 25.

But at 5:30 that afternoon, Admiral Henri Nomy, the navy chief of staff, accompanied by Alain Poher, who had been secretary of the navy in Félix Gaillard's cabinet, rushed to the Elysée Palace, where they talked to President René Coty

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and to Premier Pierre Pflimlin. Contrary to reports current at the time, it can be definitely stated that the navy did not refuse to ferry government forces to Corsica. Still, its highly reserved attitude tended to strengthen the doubts that certain members of the government were beginning to have about the Corsican operation. At the six o'clock council of ministers, whatever it was that Pflimlin reported to his colleagues about the attitude of the navy had a traumatic effect on them. It was unanimously decided to cancel the Corsican expedition, chiefly on the ground that Algiers might rush airborne troops to the island, thus precipitating bloodshed that could lead to civil war.

"Those of us who saw what happened in Spain know that civil war is something to be avoided in all circumstances," Moch explained during a talk I had with him a few days after de Gaulle assumed power. "That applies particularly when you know you are sure to lose the war."

A Holding Operation

To anyone who had seen Moch a few days earlier in the National Assembly glowering at the fainthearts on the Right like an indomitable old eagle, or who knew with what ruthless efficiency he had been directing the nation's police forces, this wry comment made clear the utter hopelessness of the Pflimlin government's position after the loss of Corsica. Had Moch been allowed to reassert the Republic's authority on the island by a rapid and overwhelming show of force, as he tried to do, it would doubtless have galvanized the dormant "republican reflex" of government supporters in mainland France while dealing a blow to the morale of the French nationalist revolutionaries in Algiers. Instead, the realization that the government was powerless to move against a handful of rebels in Corsica shattered the morale of the anti-Gaullists.

From Whitsunday on, there was a change in the real aim of men like Moch and his Socialist colleague Guy Mollet, or of Popular Republicans like Pflimlin. Though they did not admit it immediately, even to themselves, the object was no longer to block de Gaulle's road to power. It was to make sure that in coming to power, the general should commit himself to respect not only the written laws of the Republic but also its unwritten conventions.

On the first score there was little difficulty. De Gaulle had already given assurances, both public and private, that he would not try to take over the government by illegal means and that when he did come to power he would uphold the basic democratic liberties. Few French republicans questioned his word. "I have never doubted that General de Gaulle is a perfectly sincere republican," Moch told me.

THE PROBLEM was to make de Gaulle recognize that before reforming the republican régime in France it was necessary to defend it—even if this meant compromising himself with the "system" against which nationalist revolutionaries operating in his name had taken up arms. In his press conference of May 19, the general had spoken ironically of the customary "rites" for the investiture of a new government and voiced his conviction that some completely new procedure for taking over power should be agreed upon in his case. There is reason to believe that originally de Gaulle wanted to avoid appearing before the National Assembly for his investiture and even to omit the ceremonial visit to the Elysée Palace during which the candidate for the premiership is officially "designated" by the president of the Republic. But to the defenders of republican orthodoxy, the traditional "rites" of parliament were of immense importance because they symbolized republican tradition.

On both sides the struggle was waged with skill and tenacity. But neither side really wanted the unconditional surrender of the other. In a sense they had become allies while still remaining antagonists. In the contest of wills there was some bluffing on both sides, but it was kept within careful limits. De Gaulle, when he found his parliamentary interlocutors too demanding, talked of going back to his home at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises and washing his hands of the whole business; this would have meant loosing the dogs of civil war, and de Gaulle never had the slightest intention of doing that. The emissaries of the "system," on their side, threatened to call out the workers for a last-ditch defense of the Republic. But they too never planned to carry out their threat. It was impossible; the workers would not rise. It would have meant a Popular Front controlled by the Communists—and Moch had fought the Communists all through his career.

A Secret Meeting

The decision to open negotiations with de Gaulle for an honorable compromise with the "system" stemmed directly from the calamitous council of ministers on May 26 and was put into execution the very next day. Mollet wrote a letter to de Gaulle which repeated the familiar Socialist arguments against his taking office at that time but which had the effect of initiating a dialogue with the general—a dialogue which, foreseeably, soon turned into a negotiation. Pflimlin planned to send a personal emissary to Colombey. But before the emissary—Maurice Schumann, a Popular Republican and former Free French officer—could leave, a messenger arrived with the general's answer to Mollet's letter and a special communication to Pflimlin.

De Gaulle proposed a meeting that same night of Monday, May 26. If the premier refused, de Gaulle threatened to publish his refusal. In the course of the day, arrangements were worked out for de Gaulle to meet representatives of the government that night at a secret rendezvous near the capital.

Pflimlin wanted Mollet and Moch to come with him, but Moch, not wishing to yield too much too soon, refused and dissuaded Mollet from accompanying the premier. First get de Gaulle to make a public statement denouncing the insurrection in Corsica, Moch advised Pflimlin, then the way will be clear for the three of us to sit down with him and talk about a possible new government. Pflimlin agreed it was good tactics, and left without them for the meeting which started shortly before midnight.

Next morning, Tuesday, May 27, Pflimlin told Mollet and Moch that he felt his talk with de Gaulle—which lasted until 3 A.M.—had gone pretty well. The general had not definitely agreed to make a public statement about Corsica, but Pflimlin thought he yet might be brought to do so. In

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the meantime no commitments had been made on either side. Later Pflimlin told M.R.P. representatives that de Gaulle had urged speed in setting up his government, saying that he did not want to take power in a "tumult of generals." Pflimlin insisted that, while in his own reply he had hinted at his personal willingness to relinquish power if the national interest required it, he had made it clear that the premiership was a mandate from parliament that he could not lay down at will.

Then at 12:45 on Tuesday the first of several bombshells exploded. A communiqué from de Gaulle informed the nation that he had "started yesterday the regular procedure necessary for the establishment of a republican government."

The Threat of Force

When I arrived at the National Assembly at 3 P.M. the uproar was infernal, and a sort of spontaneous Popular Front had developed on the floor among Communist, Socialist, and miscellaneous Center-Left deputies. Some thought that de Gaulle, in arrogant disregard of the Republic's legal government, was trying to force it out of office without even waiting for the president of the Republic to call on him to form a new one. Other Socialists and left-wing Catholics suspected their leaders of having made a secret deal with the general—a suspicion that was strengthened early the following morning when Pflimlin resigned despite a vote of confidence on his constitutional-reform bill.

Actually, though the whole story has not yet come to light, there is now good reason to believe that de Gaulle's communiqué, published without consultation less than twelve hours after his inconclusive talk with Pflimlin, was inspired neither by arrogance nor by bad faith; there was probably no secret deal, and the communiqué was not even—as Georges Bidault termed it—a "tragic misunderstanding."

Rather, the whole incident seems to demonstrate that by this time neither de Gaulle nor the Pflimlin government was completely master of the situation. De Gaulle's communiqué, according to the view now held in some particularly well-informed quarters, was primarily a hasty and unco-ordinated attempt to prevent something irreparable from happening. What did the general fear? Until he gets around to writing the latest chapters of his memoirs this is not likely to be known for certain, but we do know what the government feared: a parachute landing or attempted coup in mainland France that very night, May 27.

Warning of this coup had reached the government in Paris early on that day. It is reasonable to suppose that the same information had somehow reached de Gaulle at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises some time after his return at 5 A.M. from the meeting with Pflimlin. If the supposition is correct, it is understandable that de Gaulle thought he might avoid a break with legality—a break he dreaded—by making his followers think that negotiations for a legal transfer of power to him were going ahead when in fact they had not yet formally begun. And almost certainly Pflimlin's resignation handed to President Coty at 4:13 A.M. on May 28 was motivated, at least in great part, by similar considerations.

Of course, unnerving the Paris government with almost daily rumors of impending landings in mainland France was part of the psychological-warfare campaign which the Algiers junta was waging. The possibility cannot be ruled out that the government—with or without General de Gaulle's connivance—was panicked into virtual surrender by a particularly clever piece of psychological warfare. That is a problem for the historians to tackle. What is known already is that Pflimlin, Mollet, and Moch—none of whom panics easily—believed that the threat was real.

Actually, airborne or seaborne landings from Algiers worried the government less than the threat of uprisings in mainland France, perhaps spearheaded by small groups of parachutists from Algeria. The presence of some six or seven thousand paratroopers scattered in camps along the foothills of the Pyrenees was a special source of worry. Other army units in the southwest stationed near the paratrooper camps were reported in a dangerous state of excitement, particularly in the region of Tarbes. Toulouse, where a Committee of Public Safety had come into the open as early as May 23, was another danger spot. The obvious strategy of the insurrectionists—and one that seemed almost impossible to beat—was to launch a local coup, or a series of them, in the southwest and confront the government with the dilemma of letting rebellion get a foothold there or of stripping the capital of the minimum forces needed to assure its safety.

Forestalling Chaos

To make the situation even more dramatic, there was not just one big nationalist conspiracy, headed by responsible generals and politicians presumably more or less responsive to de Gaulle's wishes. According to a report made to the government by the director of the Sûreté Nationale, there were at least seven completely different and autonomous revolutionary conspiracies, not counting the permanent Communist one or the normal parliamentary intrigues that developed a pathological virulence after May 27.

"You see what we were up against," Moch said. "In the face of anything like a real uprising, the government was completely helpless. I was sure that we could not count on the army, which sympathized with the Algerian insurrection, and only part of the police could be relied on. [According to well-informed unofficial sources, even the Compagnies Républicaines de Securité, the praetorian guard of the Republic, had warned the government that they would not fire on insurgents in uniform. And the same sources say that during Moch's last few days in office his subordinates systematically withheld from him the normal flow of intelligence reports upon which every minister of the interior depends.]

"As to the dream nourished by some of basing the defense of the Republic on the working class, the information available to me convinced me that the workers as a whole were not prepared to put up any effective resistance against a military coup. They were divided in their sentiments and a great many of them were more afraid of the Communists than of de Gaulle. The truth is that it was almost impossible last week to find any French

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republicans who were really prepared to die for the defense of a régime which everyone criticized and thought needed reformation."

The huge crowds that turned out on May 28 to march for the Republic from the Place de la Nation to the Place de la République did not belie Moch's estimate of the real situation. As he had hoped—and calculated—they offered any Gaullist or military observers present a convincing demonstration that the people of Paris are deeply attached to the Republic and to the democratic way of life. Even the fact that professional Communist agitators managed at times to convert the demonstration into noisy propaganda for a Popular Front in a way helped Moch's strategy because it threw a serious scare into the bourgeoisie. But unlike some of his more naïve Socialist colleagues, Moch knew that this demonstration, fostered by the government and discreetly protected from any molestation by his own police, had little in common with the great anti-fascist demonstrations of 1934-1936.

"It was just a kind of big street fair," he continued. "The people of Paris were happy to march in praise of the Republic, but they did not really believe they would have to defend it against fascism. That proves their good sense. They know perfectly well de Gaulle is not a fascist."

But though Moch and the more lucid of his Socialist colleagues agreed with the popular verdict on de Gaulle, they never allowed the dangers and the appalling uncertainties of the crisis to inhibit them from holding out to the last minute for the toughest bargain they could strike with him, in the interest of republican continuity and that of the nation itself. Even during the last three days of the crisis week, when the greatest danger came from the stubbornness and the illusions of their rank-and-file party comrades, they continued to exploit this difficulty to wring new concessions from the general. Despite widespread reports of an army ultimatum demanding that a de Gaulle government be completely set up by noon, June 1, the haggling—not over portfolios but over principles and symbols—went on until late that afternoon. That evening, in a final gesture of appeasement, the general called on President Coty, like any politician of the "system," to announce the good news that another republican government was born.

'Republican to the Bone'

"I think that our opposition to de Gaulle, conducted as we conducted it, did accomplish something useful," Moch said. "Persuading him to come to the Assembly and take part in the debate as he did the other night was an important contribution to the spirit of orderly process. And that was the result of the promise the Socialist representatives won from him before Mollet agreed to join the government.

"Of course a lot of the credit goes to de Gaulle himself. His long retirement in the country has mellowed his character and deepened his mind. You can see that the man has been thinking deeply and has learned from his past mistakes. He is intelligent enough to realize that the people of France are republican to the bone. He won't be misled by the superficial anti-parliamentarianism that is rife now."

Moch also feels that pressure from the Left has induced de Gaulle to modify radically his original plans for the proposed new constitution.

"Now, thanks to the prolonged negotiations of the republican parties with de Gaulle before he took power, he has pledged himself to support a type of constitution very like that of 1875, which was a good republican constitution. His last intervention in the Assembly debate on his constitutional powers was a very good sign. If he had wanted to become a dictator he could easily have brought the Assembly—without seeming to—to force a referendum on him at this time. Instead he did everything in his power to explain the danger and to win the three-fifths majority necessary to avoid it.

"All in all, I am now convinced that it was the ultras in Algeria and other extremists who fooled themselves by helping to bring de Gaulle to power, and that the best way left-wing republicanism can combat their influence is to give solid support to de Gaulle's government."

History still has to hand down the final verdict, but judging from General de Gaulle's first acts it looks as if Moch was right.

Italy Votes: More Left, Less Right, Same Old Center

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

THE FACT that Italy is to have a new parliament very much like the last one isn't the best possible news. Almost no one thought the last one would fill out its five-year term, and even though it did, it brought cabinets down with depressing regularity—at the rate of more than one a year. But however small the changes in this next parliament—measurable in decimal points for the most part—at least they are changes for the better.

The trouble with the last parliament was that all the democratic parties combined had only eight more than half the seats in it. This made for two divergent tendencies among them. One was to huddle together for safety, which more or less precluded political motion of any kind. The other was to stray over the democratic boundary in search of support from either the extreme Right or Left, which might eventually have meant the end of the young Italian Republic.

The Christian Democrats were never quite able to decide which of these courses was the lesser evil. But they were pretty close to choosing an alliance with the extreme Right by the time parliament's term ran out. By 1957, in fact, the estrangement between them and the smaller moderate parties was all but complete; and their last cabinet, headed by

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Adone Zoli, depended on the Monarchist-Fascist bloc for its tenuous existence.

This particular danger, at any rate, may now be discounted. The elections of May 25 and 26 reduced the extreme Right to the dimensions of a nuisance rather than a menace, and its collapse strongly suggests that the great majority of Italians have turned their backs irrevocably on the past. The neo-Fascist party failed miserably in its appeal to first voters, who have no political memories to speak of, and for all its paraphernalia of black shirts, Mussolini portraits, stiff-armed salutes, and patriotic-nationalist slogans, it lost 200,000 even of those nostalgic incurables who had been loyal to the Duce until the last.

The Monarchists fared even worse. Although the millionaire shipowner Achille Lauro, the "King of Naples," had showered gifts of money, spaghetti, and shoes on the poor southern peasants, the Monarchist movement lost nearly half of its forty seats in the chamber, and Lauro himself has conceded that the escutcheon of the exiled House of Savoy has become too "faded" for further use.

This is a most encouraging development for Italian democrats. But it doesn't relieve them of their most besetting problems; while the Right's ranks have been decimated, the Left's have not.

Thunder on the Left

To all appearances, the Communists were facing the worst electoral prospects in their history. There had been not only Khrushchev's report to the February, 1956, Twentieth Congress of the Russian Communist Party but also his savage repression of the Hungarian uprising. By this spring, the party had lost three-quarters of a million members, including most of its intellectuals; its representation on trade-union shop committees had dropped from sixty-five per cent to thirty-five per cent; and so many of its parliamentary representatives were "deviationists" that the Central Committee forbade half of them to run again. Furthermore, it was plain for all workers to see that a vote for the Communists would be worse than useless; not only must it fail to bring the long-promised revolution but it could only serve to perpetuate the hated "régime of priests and bosses." Nevertheless, the Communists got 6,700,000 votes—over half a million more than last time—and it was only by a quirk in the election law that they lost three seats in parliament.

Their partners, the left-wing Socialists, fared even better. In 1953, they had polled 3.4 million votes with the slogan "A Socialist Alternative," which presumably meant an alternative to the Communists. The promise was vague, since the Socialists were still tied to the Communists by a unity pact. But it came close to fulfillment shortly after the publica-

tion of Khrushchev's report, when, in a dramatic secret meeting, the Socialists' Pietro Nenni and the Social Democrats' Giuseppe Saragat agreed to merge their groups into a single party entirely free of Communist influence.

The undertaking was in due course approved by a Socialist congress the following winter. But when the delegates were packing to go home, they suddenly discovered that their party's organizational machinery and secretariat were still, somehow, in the hands of those Nenni Socialists whose loyalty to Moscow remained firm even after the Russians put down the Hungarian revolt. The merger plans blew up.

Accordingly, there seemed very little promise of a genuine alternative in the Socialists' campaign this spring. The Communists helped somewhat by criticizing Nenni for his "equivocation." But he replied by reaffirming his devotion to the cause of proletarian unity. "We have nothing to deny," he said, referring to his party's long association with the Communists, "and nothing to withdraw." The Socialists increased their total vote to nearly four and a quarter million.

All in all, therefore, the extreme Left picked up close to a million and a half new votes. Had these been the only gains made, the results might have been disastrous. The Christian Democrats, however, gained two and a half million, to their own and everyone else's astonishment.

Who Made the Boom?

In the intervals between elections here, the Christian Democrats generally give the impression of being the least popular party in the country. It is almost impossible to find anyone but a paid functionary who will admit to being a card-carrying member of the Christian Democratic Party.

Too clerical by a good deal to suit millions of lay Catholics and not clerical enough for others, weighed down by layer upon layer of bureaucracy, harried by a succession of petty and not so petty scandals, riven by factionalism, and singularly ungifted in capturing the voters' imagination—there isn't an orator worth the name among them—the Christian Democrats have run the country over the last decade in the gloomy certainty that fewer and fewer Italians would thank them for doing so. They dropped from an absolute majority in 1948 to a forty-five per cent plurality in 1953, and it was expected that they would drop still further last month.

True, they had much to claim credit for. The Christian Democrats have taken a consistently courageous stand on foreign policy in their allegiance to NATO, their adherence to the European Common Market, and their willingness to accept missile bases on Italian territory. Under their rule, too, these ten years have obliterated almost every trace of the wreckage left by Fascism and war; and the last five have brought unprecedented prosperity. Between 1953 and 1958, Italy's national income rose by fifty per cent; its gold and foreign-exchange holdings went up to $1.5 billion—making the lira a sounder currency than the U.S. dollar in the Swiss market; the annual savings rate rose to eight per cent, one of the highest in the world; pri-

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vate investment quintupled; the consumption of meat and sugar went up by twenty per cent and twenty-five per cent respectively, the number of telephones by eighty per cent, the number of automobiles by a hundred per cent; and more new housing was built in Rome alone during this period than in all the years between the First and Second World Wars.

A good deal of this prosperity, however, came about in spite of the government rather than because of it. Indeed, the most remarkable feature of the boom has been the private Italian citizen's abounding vitality in the face of innumerable and insurmountable bureaucratic obstacles. Furthermore, whatever the Christian Democrats' achievements may have been, they have also had some conspicuous failures.

THE OUTSTANDING ONE has been their inability to contain, let alone push back, the extreme Left. The unemployment level has stayed around two million (though four hundred thousand new workers are now being absorbed each year). There is still no anti-trust law to curb some of the Italian monopolists' worst habits. There has been little or no structural reform of the tax system (only 1,380 taxpayers declared annual incomes of more than $15,000 last year), or of the courts (several of Fascism's most unpleasant laws are still on the books), or of the schools (five million Italians still can't read or write, and Italy spends only half of what France and Germany spend per capita on education).

There has also been little or nothing in the way of reforming a national civic conscience badly deformed by twenty years of dictatorship. The *bustarella*, that furtive little lira-filled envelope that can buy so many favors, is still the quickest way of doing business with the government. (The average citizen takes as much delight today as he did during the 1930's in outwitting the police, the health inspector, the census taker, the tax collector.)

Finally, there has been no serious effort to draw a definite line between Church and State. Less than a century ago, when modern Italy was formed, Cavour taught the Italians to believe in a "Free Church in a Free State." The extent to which millions of them still believe in the principle was shown by a wave of public approval when the Bishop of Prato was recently fined by a court for calling a Communist's wife —lawfully married in a civil ceremony—a concubine. But that judicial ruling was the first and, judging from the Vatican's reaction, probably the last of its kind. Certainly the government has taken no comparable action in other fields—education, radio, television, the movies, social welfare, the political parties themselves—where clerical intervention has become increasingly pronounced under the Christian Democrats' régimes. This is by far the gravest charge that has been made against them.

In the light of all this, it was a remarkable feat for the Christian Democrats to muster twelve and a half million votes, and they almost certainly could not have done it without substantial outside help. It came from three sources: the memory of Alcide De Gasperi, whose name is one of the party's most precious assets; the Vatican, which mobilized its forces to the last cloistered nun; and France, where multiparty government was apparently in its death throes as Italian

voters were going to the polls. With that lesson before them, a goodly number of Italians dared not indulge in the luxury of voting as they pleased. Once again, as in other times of national emergency, they voted for the Christian Democrats.

But the voters did not give the Christian Democrats an absolute majority. The majority exists in the pooled votes of the center parties, whose margin in the Chamber has now risen from eight to twenty-six seats. De Gasperi might have known how to pull that tired formation together again. But even he couldn't manage it in the last year of his life, and it will be much harder for Party Secretary Amintore Fanfani, his chosen successor.

Fanfani's Choice

Fanfani had four ways of forming a government: alone (with no prearranged majority); with two or more of the center parties (no single one would suffice); with the Monarchists and Fascists (the Monarchists alone aren't enough); or with the Socialists.

To govern alone would have been a perpetual risk for his party and would have meant risking what he calls "a pernicious identification between our eventual errors as Christians and the noble mission of the Church." To join with the Monarchists and Fascists would have violated the elementary rules of politics, for the popular trend is in just the opposite direction. Where the right-wing parties now represent only 9.5 per cent of the electorate, the combined vote for all the parties to the left of Center has gradually inched up from 40.9 per cent in 1948 to 41.5 per cent in 1953 to 43.5 per cent in 1958; and if the Christian Democrats' own left wing is included, the figure goes well above a majority.

As for the Socialists, one could hardly have expected Fanfani to propose a partnership with Nenni under present conditions—still less that the Vatican would have sanctioned it. That left the center parties.

THE MAIN REASON the old *quadripartito* of the Center broke up was that the smaller parties in it were too small to extract real concessions from the Christian Democrats and too doctrinaire to get along with each other. The conservative Liberals, with their staunch free-enterprise views, were wholly incompatible with the Social Democrats, who believe in state planning. Lately the differences have become still more pronounced. The Liberals have moved a good way to the Right, while the Social Democrats have

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been drawn leftward by a consuming desire for union with Nenni.

The Social Democrats still go on hoping that some day their dream of Socialist unity may come true. It isn't easy for workers to abandon the idea of proletarian unity, with which they have been indoctrinated for at least fifteen years; nor is it a simple matter to purge the Socialists' organizational machinery of the Communist cadres that have been keeping it well oiled for so long. Though there can be no question of uniting with the Socialist Party while it is still so closely linked to the Communists, Social Democratic officials explain, neither can there be any question of insisting on a clear anti-Communist position before a unity agreement can be reached.

FANFANI'S decision to seek an alliance among left-of-center parties may give him at best a shaky majority. Nevertheless, it would be a left-of-center government. Fanfani, who used to be the leader of the militant Young Turks in his party, is himself committed to progressive economic and social policies; and so, apparently, are about half the Christian Democrats in parliament: thirty-seven from the Christian trade unions, and another hundred in the movement called *La Base,* who are personal supporters of the president of the Republic, Giovanni Gronchi.

A left-of-center coalition may not be the most satisfactory arrangement. But it has been done before, if not with the best possible results domestically then at least with no damage to Italian foreign policy. With the vote the Christian Democrats got on May 25 and 26, they can command a good deal more respect than they once had. This might mean another five years of the "Progress without Adventure"—the Christian Democrats' election slogan—that has left so many Italians frustrated, irritated, and bored. Still, there is no other progress on which Italy can count.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Senator Knowland Loses Round One

STEVEN WARSHAW

ONCE HE HAS his own party's endorsement, a candidate needs a powerful issue to benefit from California's unique election law, which permits a candidate to run for both the Republican and the Democratic nomination. Senator William F. Knowland chose right-to-work legislation, and he lost no chance to remind the electorate of his decision. By the time of the June primary, after one of the longest campaigns for governor on record, no one doubted that a vote for Knowland was a vote against organized labor.

Knowland assured the Republicans that the issue cut across party lines and class loyalty, and easily persuaded them to join what he calls his crusade against compulsory unionism. The California branch of the party has never enjoyed its indefinite commitment to the Republicanism of Earl Warren. It never welcomed, although it accepted, Governor Goodwin J. Knight's compromises with organized labor. The decision to run Knowland for the governorship instead of Knight, a popular governor who had a better chance to win, grew out of the conviction that the party had strayed from its principles too long. But as a result the party now finds itself in a popularity contest with an unpopular platform and, apparently, a not very popular candidate.

KNOWLAND POINTS OUT that his poor showing in the primary (he got 1,547,675 votes on both tickets to 2,150,536 for the Democratic candidate, Attorney General Edmund G. Brown) was caused at least in part by his lack of campaign time. Congress was in session and it was necessary for him to stay at his job as Senate minority leader. In his absence he relied on what Californians flippantly call their "axis," the Los Angeles *Times,* the Oakland *Tribune,* and the San Francisco *Chronicle,* to do his campaigning for him. Presumably he will be able to add more of his personal touch between August and November.

Yet his thesis about the difference between "compulsory" and "voluntary" unionism has had a hearing wherever politics has been discussed in California. It is evident that Knowland seriously misgauged the extent to which Californians would react to the Teamster exposés. West Coast public opinion turned out to be not nearly so bitterly anti-union as the sentiments he reads in the editorials of his own *Tribune.*

Knowland expected to be supported by votes from a union "underground." His campaign was essentially an appeal for labor's rebellion in the voting booth, and his headquarters were usually packed with young executives and suburban matrons who believed that they had secret political allies within the unions. Their romanticism was slow to fade. During most of the campaign these right-to-work supporters placed notices in the personal columns of metropolitan papers, suggesting that some clandestine contact was necessary between the senator and the rebels. The ads appeared among the usual astrology and lonely-hearts supplications:

"Union elections should be by secret ballot. So should strike votes, raises in dues, etc. Don't you agree? Then you agree with Bill Knowland for Governor." Or, "California Taxpayer: Do you work full time on your job for your salary? So does Senator Knowland. What of his opponent for governor?"

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In the same column the Longshoremens and Warehousemens Union would place an ad that looked like a clumsy shadow: "Dead [*sic*] 'William': With your voting record, it would be just peachy-ducky if you didn't work at all. Perhaps 'California Taxpayers' can solve that problem in November. Give-Knowland-the-right-to-work Committee."

The Senator's White Whale

Knowland's pursuit of right-to-work legislation has a pathetic courage, like Captain Ahab's pursuit of the white whale. California union membership, even apart from union influence, is put at 1.5 million, while the state has 6.3 million voters. Many of them have shown their disgust with Teamster leadership and most are violently for or against Harry Bridges, but few have given any evidence that they want to drop the union shop and maintenance of membership.

Many of Knowland's closest friends in California claim that he understood the magnitude of his problem when he tackled it, but that he thought it was time to turn Republicanism back to the Right. In that event, the best explanation for his truculence came from Knight, who is still sulking at having been displaced and has made some of the most candid statements of the campaign. According to Knight, Knowland wanted the most difficult assignment possible against a strong rival in his own key state. By this means, Knight said—and barely escaped punishment by his party for saying it—Knowland could persuade the national party that he was fit to run for President.

Knowland has shown no intention of compromising despite the growing restiveness of his party. When at a Republican dinner he offered to help local candidates with local speeches, what the papers called an "embarrassing silence" fell over the group. Even professional petition gatherers soon recognized the difficulty of getting the 322,000 names necessary to justify an initiative for right-to-work. A number of Knowland supporters, chiefly department-store executives, big ranchers, and oilmen, put up the money to buy the names at twenty cents each. The list is still short. Labor's counterirritant, an initiative to place a higher burden of state taxes on businessmen, qualified easily.

Knowland's position became more rigid. There were two groups against him, he said. These he described as "labor bosses who naturally do not want to see their secure positions of power disturbed and who have vast sums of union funds available to be placed behind their selected candidates . . . [and] certain political figures who are in a political alliance with those bosses."

It is true that right-to-work overshadows every other issue in the California elections, but this is at Knowland's insistence. He has also gained both friends and enemies for advocating the participation of Pacific Gas & Electric in the Federal government's power plans over the Trinity River. Oregon, Washington, and Idaho voters have registered disapproval of the administration's "partnership" proposals. There is no reason to believe that California, with a strong tradition for public power, will be different.

Knowland has been unwilling to recommend a statutory anti-discrimination policy. Instead, he has promised to encourage voluntary elimination of racism among employers. He seems to represent the administration, which is being held responsible for the recession. He is identified with the refusal to trade with China in a state where many who are associated with the shipping industry have begun to question that facet of U.S. foreign policy.

These are among the reasons why Knowland has not gained the Democratic votes a Republican must have to win in California. The ratio of registered Democrats to Republicans has increased appreciably in the past four years, reaching nearly a million votes. During the first quarter of 1958 alone, the Democrats gained 327,000 to the Republicans' 129,000. They took control of the state senate two years ago for the first time since 1889, and for the first time in the history of crossfiling, not one Republican beat a Democrat in their primary.

Carrying these political albatrosses, Knowland might be expected to move cautiously in identifying himself further with right-wing politics, which after all even he might suspect is not wholly popular. But when Vice-President Nixon wired his support a few days before the primary, Knowland was at a fund-raising picnic given by the ultranationalist Pro-America Party. Its opinions—abolition of the income tax if not of the Federal government, an end to foreign aid, the impeachment of President Eisenhower—can hardly be suitable for a politician of national stature.

Everyman Brown

On the Democratic side, Attorney General Brown has been quietly seeking votes among the groups Knowland managed to alienate. He is for a fair-employment law, against "partnership" over the Trinity River, and against right-to-work. He has pleased many intellectuals with a promise to set up a state commission to encourage the liberal arts.

Brown, fifty-two, regards himself as heir to the Warren tradition in California, a tribute both to Warren and to the ease with which California politicians may identify themselves with rivals. Like Warren, Brown began his career as a Republican lawyer and became a crime-busting district attorney when he was still young. He left the Republican Party after supporting Herbert Hoover twice; the New Deal attracted him.

Brown often seemed more interested in sociology than in prosecutions when he was San Francisco's district attorney. He argued for crime prevention through improved housing and more unemployment relief during the depression.

At the same time he took chances few politicians would risk. He joined the National Lawyers' Guild, though it must have been evident that it would be of no help to an ambitious politician. He became its vice-president in 1945, quit in his own time, and has refused to make any apologies for having joined.

Lately he has refused to take part in a concerted effort to revoke the liquor license of a woman who once was the busiest madame in California. "I don't believe in vengeance as a way of life or government," he said. He opposes capital punishment for the same reason.

These qualities are weakened by his extraordinary ability to reverse

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himself. He is often accused of announcing two positions on the same subject in less than an hour. He thinks out loud, and most of his thoughts are on record. Many of his critics agree with a former member of his staff who once said, "The last man to speak to Pat Brown knows his mind."

It was Brown who opened the prosecution of *Confidential* magazine last year. When he found the litigation raising more filth than it suppressed, the basically moral prosecutor dropped his case with a compromise.

Brown's supporters say he has an infallible intuition for being firm when necessary. He never wavered when it came to fighting what he called the "inquisitorial methods" of congressional witch hunters, and he often used his office to prevent racism. This sample Brown blast was directed against the tormentors of a Negro family in San Pablo:

"The State of California is not going to permit Americans to be intimidated and terrorized. We detest Communism, but in such instances as these cowardly intimidations . . . the perpetrators are deliberately arming Communism with new strength. The State of California will not permit anybody or any group to imitate the arrogance and bigotry once so viciously practiced by Adolf Hitler."

NOTHING that strong is included in Brown's current speeches. California Democrats may be overly complacent, but they quickly decided that a bland, artless campaign would fit Brown best. Brown's best chance is to provide a picture of a benign Everyman who could represent his state in the most easygoing manner possible.

This means that during a campaign speech he is apt to proclaim, as he did recently, "If we are to make the most of our opportunity, I believe we must have a leadership that looks forward, not backward. I am a firm advocate of an expanding economy and of an expanding state." No target could be more effectively blurred for the right-to-work supporters.

Brown is the Democrats' strongest candidate in twenty years, regardless of his campaign. He won by 250,000 votes eight years ago, when Nixon's 681,000 plurality over Helen Gahagan Douglas plowed under all other major Democratic candidates in the state. Four years later he was reelected by 3,600,000 voters who took the trouble to exclude his office from the Republican landslide. He was the first Democrat ever to win a statewide nomination on both Republican and Democratic tickets.

HIS ELECTION would be a milestone in West Coast politics. It would allow Democrats to take control of and realign election districts whose Republican majorities have been built up during the years of one-party rule.

There is also the chance of an immediate effect on national politics. Brown's election would remove Knowland from politics and weaken Nixon's hold over the California state Republican delegation to the next convention. Further, Knowland has made a Senate seat available. In the primaries, Democratic Representative Clair Engle got 1,662,229 votes against 1,137,606 for Knight, whose support was split by the candidacy of San Francisco's Mayor George Christopher, who got 781,036 votes.

Knowland's candidacy, it appears, has given the Democrats a chance to gain a solid political footing and Californians a chance to choose between clear alternatives.

The Supreme Court And the Picket Line

JOHN TROY

THE TEN-WEEK strike in 1951 at the Wolverine Tube Division in Decatur, Alabama, attracted very little attention. It was only one—and a minor one—of scattered strikes in which the CIO United Automobile Workers Union was involved.

But because of a litigious electrician named Paul S. Russell and six justices of the U.S. Supreme Court, the little Decatur strike is proving to be the most important strike of that year—and perhaps of any year for a long time.

Russell was neither a union member nor in sympathy with the strike. On the first day, when he drove up to the picket line, he was halted by the patrolling strikers. As far as anyone can reconstruct the episode, there was an argument but nothing ominous or desperate, and no violence. It seemed to be a more peaceable exchange than could be realistically expected in such a situation.

But when Russell edged toward the entrance, someone near the picket line called out, "He's trying to go through!" And others yelled, "Turn him over!" Although no one tried to turn his car over, his forward motion was effectively blocked. After an hour and a half, when Russell became convinced that he could not get through the picket line without running over somebody or getting turned over, he went home. So far as is known, nothing further happened to Russell except that he lost $500 in wages.

The Taft-Hartley Act gives Russell, and anyone else, the right to claim before the National Labor Relations Board that he was illegally deprived of his right to work and to appeal for restitution of his lost wages. The board can order, and in many cases has ordered, unions—and employers—to make full restitution where such an "unfair labor practice" is found. The board has no authority, however, to assess punitive damages.

NOT CONTENT with what the board could do for him, Russell filed a suit for damages in Decatur, Alabama. He alleged injuries beyond what his lost pay would compensate for—not physical injuries, but about the kind of thing that is claimed in a Nevada divorce brief: mental anguish, fear, psychological tension.

The Alabama judge told the jury

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that it could award the plaintiff "smart money," by which he meant, he explained, punitive damages to make the union smart. The jury, accordingly, brought in a verdict awarding Russell $10,000.

In his dissent from the majority of six who upheld this decision when it reached the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Earl Warren, who was joined by Justice William O. Douglas in his opinion, wrote, "The parties to labor controversies have enough devices for making one another 'smart' without this Court putting its stamp of approval upon another." But the majority view, written by Justice Harold H. Burton, was that the state power to impose punitive damages was not excepted because a labor dispute was involved and that to reverse the judgment would "grant to unions a substantial immunity from the consequences of mass picketing or coercion . . ." Justice Black did not participate in the decision, which was handed down on May 26.

The Unions' Nightmare

Legal immunity is contrary to the principles of a democratic society. It suggests special treatment for some and not for others. Yet our law and customs provide many immunities, which are defended on the ground that they are necessary means to achieve some socially desirable end.

One of these socially desirable ends, collective bargaining, has been confirmed in public policy for more than a generation. Its widely accepted purpose has been to provide a greater opportunity for industrial citizenship by the wage earner and to remove the burden of labor disputes from commerce. A necessary corollary to the encouragement of collective bargaining is the protection of labor unions, without which collective bargaining could not be free and genuine. Historically, labor unions have been destroyed or prevented from engaging in collective bargaining by legal harassment and employer attack. When protection was extended to the unions, some of it was provided in the form of immunities.

As the unions grew stronger and were no longer such great objects of public sympathy, they began to lose some of their immunities. Their most dramatic setback was, of course,

the Taft-Hartley Act, which made illegal certain union activities that had, till then, been immune to restraint, and which established union liability for breach of contracts. Less spectacular, but more persistent and more damaging, however, has been the whittling away of organized labor's special rights by the courts.

State and local courts, not so concerned with public policy and more attuned to anti-union sentiment than Federal tribunals, have gone the furthest in circumscribing the unions. But their more extreme decisions, except those dealing with picketing, have been blunted when they were subject to review by the United States Supreme Court. Now, however, in the closing weeks of its present term, the Supreme Court has upheld Alabama in a decision that, labor lawyers say, will turn the clock back more than forty years and make what has been an immunity into a liability by which unions can be bled to death.

SUCH ALARM will almost surely prove excessive. Unions have been very skillful in adapting themselves to new difficulties and legal hazards. And what is involved here is financial liability; no established union whose members feel it has something to contribute to their interests has yet been killed by poverty. But there is no doubt that the new legal doctrine makes a grave problem for labor organizations.

It is quite easy to see what gives the unions fearful nightmares. They consider it only too likely that, left to the mercy of state courts and local juries, the forecast of Justices Warren and Douglas will prove true. The Warren opinion warned: "There is a very real prospect of staggering punitive damages accumulated through successive actions by parties injured by members who have succumbed to the emotion that frequently accompanies concerted activities during labor unrest. . . . By reason of vicarious liability . . . the union is to be subjected to a series of judgments that may and probably will reduce it to bankruptcy . . ."

The "concerted activity" that came from succumbing "to the emotion" in the Alabama case consisted in halting Russell's car at the picket line. No other violence was alleged in detailing a lengthy claim that was originally for $50,000. Twenty-nine of Russell's co-workers have filed similar suits with claims that total $1.5 million.

Such "concerted activity" is standard operating procedure in any strike where the union is not prepared to be supine before efforts to break its strike. Forgoing such activity would not only relieve strike-breakers of mental anguish; it would make a strike nothing more persuasive than a symbolic demonstration.

Because human beings are prone to succumb to emotion when under the kind of stress provided by a labor dispute, it is unlikely that such conduct will disappear because financial penalties impend for their organization. As a matter of fact, it has already been suggested that the new legal doctrine creates splendid opportunities for *provocateurs* whose shouts and gestures on the picket line will appear to be inspired by normal zeal.

What will the labor movement do? Its first step will be to ask for a rehearing before the Supreme Court, at which it will attempt to put the issue on broader ground and argue that the will of Congress in promoting collective bargaining will be frustrated if the new doctrine that the court has developed is allowed to stand. The court majority is large enough, and appears to be positive enough, to make the success of such a petition hardly worth gambling on. It may be more fruitful to try to use a comparable state-court decision —and it is anticipated that they will be coming along now at a great rate—for getting Supreme Court reconsideration. But given the court's

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cognizance of the country's anti-union sentiment, its reversal in the near future cannot be expected.

The unions have not yet formulated any strategy beyond new litigation, but the form it will take can be easily anticipated. If the punitive-damage doctrine cannot be struck down, there will be an effort to make it limited and uniform. Labor lawyers shudder at the thought of their clients' being at the mercy of a Mississippi or rural Indiana jury fed on headlines about huge union treasuries. Labor may well be willing to settle in the end for giving the NLRB power to assess punitive damages if that power is made exclusive. This, of course, would require congressional enactment which anti-labor elements would have been delighted to promote before the Supreme Court decision but which will now be opposed as "pro-union." There seems little likelihood that the congressional attitude toward Federal pre-emption of state powers in this area will favor the union point of view before the Federal judiciary comes around.

Rolling with the Punch

Labor, thus blocked or at the best foreseeing glacial speed in getting the action it wants on the national level, will campaign in the states for limitations on their courts' authority and discretion. But this recourse promises only checkerboard successes. Ultimately, simply being flexible may prove again—as it has so often proved in the past—to be labor's only effective method for meeting new hazards.

The flexibility within the union structure that is indicated if unions are to avoid the consequences predicted by Chief Justice Warren will hardly please the advocates of an increased measure of union democracy, or those who believe that national officials already have too much power. "You can't collect what isn't there" is not only impeccable logic but is an established legal maxim as well. A judgment for damages against a defendant who has no assets is a legal nullity.

The legal entity most commonly certified for the purposes of collective bargaining, the party to a contract with the employer and the potential conductor of strikes, is

the local union. If it is without assets, a judgment against it for damages sustained through unseemly behavior by any of its members cannot be collected. If somebody else will pay all of a local union's necessary bills, there is no compelling reason why it needs title to a dime.

The effectiveness of this strategy has already been tested, but in reverse. Several years ago, some San Francisco employers demonstrated to a court's satisfaction that they had suffered financial damage through the actions of the International Longshoremens & Warehousemens Union and were awarded a very substantial judgment against that organization. But before the judgment was entered, Harry Bridges, ILWU president, took some shrewd legal advice and transferred all the international's assets to the locals—including title to the building of the international headquarters. Nothing has been collected on the judgment.

Bridges has often asserted that the high degree of democracy he boasts of in his union exists because the international is penniless and the purse, with the power that goes with its possession, is in local hands, closer to the dues-paying membership. And it is a fact that at least some ILWU locals show, and get by with, a higher degree of independence of international union policy than is commonly found in other strong labor organizations.

TO ESCAPE the threat that local unions feel the Russell case faces them with requires a simple reversal of the Bridges tactic: impoverish local treasuries and enrich the international. To avert costly judgments, local unions need become merely collection agencies for their international. If dues are paid in at the local office, the local can receive them as the parent union's agent and forward them to national headquarters. In many cases now under dues checkoff contracts, the employer sends the pay-deducted dues to the international, which rebates it on a per capita basis to the locals. It is easy to change such a system and have the international keep the money and pay bills that the local forwards. Of course it will have to be made legally clear that the international has full title to the money, with attendant authority to reject payments at its discretion. Otherwise a court might direct a local to send on a bill for punitive damages that have been assessed against it. And, of course, it may have to meet the legal tests put to corporations that try the same thing.

THUS MAY a flexible unionism try to avoid the blows its enemies will direct against it. The new posture of defense will affect the rights and responsibilities of labor leaders and labor's rank and file. For giving the international such authority would mean an unprecedented centralization of power in the labor-union hierarchy. In effect, every local would be under trusteeship—a system that has come to be thought of as the antithesis of union democracy. But this is exactly the direction the Supreme Court has pointed the American labor movement.

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America's Stake In Sterling

ANTHONY RUDD

THE POUND STERLING is now the most widely used currency in the world. No less than forty per cent of all international trade is based on it. A Danish importer of Australian wheat will pay his supplier in pounds; copper from Chile bought by a Frenchman will be paid for in pounds; the Chinese use pounds for most of their purchases, and so on. Since 1951, when the wartime controls, which had been continued by the Socialists, were abolished, London has once again become, with New York, one of the world's two main centers of trade. Yet only a few months ago Britain was battling to avoid bankruptcy.

During August and the first weeks of September, the Bank of England, which keeps the United Kingdom's small supply of gold and dollars, was forced to pay out these reserves at a frightening pace to foreign bankers and traders who wanted to put their money elsewhere, mainly in West Germany, Switzerland, and the United States. It was an old-fashioned run on the bank, and the more people tried to get their money out, the weaker the bank got. It was a race between them and the cashiers to see who would last out.

Britain won, but only by restoring confidence with shock tactics. On September 19 the Bank of England put its rediscount rate (to which all other interest rates in Britain are geared) up to seven per cent, and the government announced a whole series of measures cutting down public spending, notably investment in nationalized utilities like the railways. These measures convinced the foreign holders of sterling that Britain was determined to do anything, however painful, to avoid devaluation. The panic stopped and gradually things returned to normal; the rediscount rate is now 5.5 per cent.

There have been several inquests about this crisis in order to establish where the fire started and what set it off. At the time, Britain was running a surplus on its balance of payments. That is, counting earnings from shipping, insurance, and banking as well as those from exports, the country was earning more than it was spending upon imports and payments to foreigners. Normally this is a healthy state of affairs, yet Britain suffered a severe crisis.

It seems to many people that however hard Britain's industries work and however well its export traders do, there is a defect in the system that makes it unworkable. It is making London fianancers nervous; even now when British automobiles are selling faster than ever in the United States and when Britain is getting raw materials at knockdown prices, they are wondering whether there will be another crisis this fall.

The Seasonal Crisis

Britain has never succeeded, despite everything else it has done since the war, in rebuilding its gold and dollar reserves to a safe level. This has meant that the country has always been vulnerable, in the same way that a commercial banker would be, to a simultaneous decision by a number of its depositors to withdraw their funds. Most of the time this vulnerability has been handled with great skill by the money managers of London, who have offset a debt there with a credit here. But there are some periods, notably in the fall, when the receipts from British exports are at their lowest and payments for tobacco and other commodities are at their peak, when the strain has been too great to offset. It is at this time of year that foreign bankers, knowing that the risk is at its seasonal peak, pull money out of London just to be on the safe side, whereupon the rush to sell pounds begins.

Most experts in London now agree that this situation cannot be allowed to go on indefinitely. It is unhealthy for British industry: just at a time when much-needed investment in plant and machinery has begun to flow, the tap has to be turned off, because the London bankers cannot balance their business. Interest rates in Britain are still higher than almost anywhere else in the world, and many industralists are afraid that they may remain so permanently, thus putting them at a disadvantage against their competitors abroad. They see themselves sacrificed to "City" interests.

ONE SUGGESTED solution is that Britain should stop lending so much money to the Commonwealth. Under sterling-area arrangements, whereby countries of the area pool their dollar earnings in London and draw on them only in so far as they have genuine need, capital is allowed to flow out from London without hindrance. Since the end of the war, £900 million (or $2.5 billion) has been invested by Britain in underdeveloped countries in the sterling area. India alone has received £300 million toward financing its Five-Year Plan—considerably more than the total it has so far obtained from the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Admittedly, a large proportion of this investment by Britain has represented repayment of debt; India had the sterling in London and simply drew it to pay for the German and British steel mills it is building.

This is a problem left over from the end of the Second World War. Despite American pressure, the United Kingdom failed to scale down its wartime debts. Instead, while they have gradually been repaid, other debts have taken their place. Ghana and Malaya are now the two largest holders of sterling in London and in due course they will want to spend some of their balances. Unless, that is, Britain rations the export of capital so that any surpluses that are earned can be used instead to rebuild the Bank of England's gold and dollar reserves.

This would be one way of solving the problem. If the £900 million that has been taken out of London since the war had gone into these reserves, there would be no threat of a fall crisis now. Yet it seems a hopelessly sterile decision to make: to

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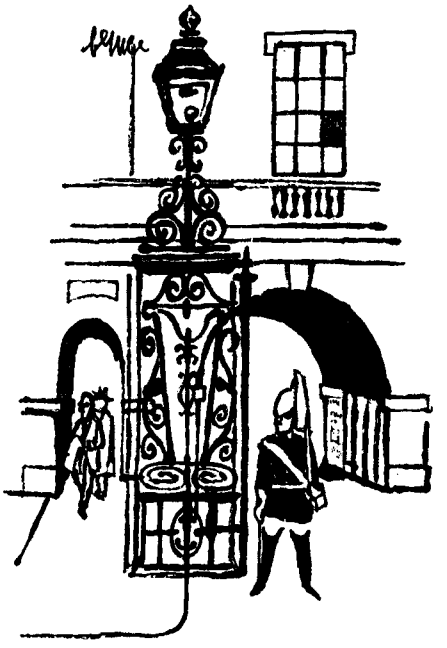
put money into the vault instead of into dams, railways, and roads. It is doubtful whether either major party in Britain would adopt such a policy.

Another solution would be to close down the banking business of the City. Clearly a situation in which forty per cent of the world's trade is conducted in a currency that is backed by only four per cent of the world's gold and dollar reserves (excepting the gold in Fort Knox, of course) is bound to be unstable. Some people therefore argue that Britain should settle for a smaller slice of world business. This proposal is heard mainly in left-wing circles. Conservatives tend to argue that the City is earning too much and making too great a contribution to Britain's welfare for its activities to be cut without serious loss. Neither side can agree to any figures on this; estimates for the earnings of the City vary from £30 million to £125 million a year. At the moment nothing is likely to be done, but if the Socialists were in power they might look less favorably on London's free markets.

Help from an Old Friend?

The final solution is for Britain to get more of the world's gold and dollar reserves through some action by the United States. This has been suggested by no less a person than Sir Oliver Franks, who, as a former ambassador to Washington, carries great weight on these matters. Speaking at the annual meeting of Lloyds Bank, of which he is chairman (it has no connection with the Lloyds of insurance fame), he suggested that Britain might either be given a dollar "stabilization loan" with which to increase the backing for the pound or that the International Monetary Fund in Washington be re-formed in such a way as to increase its effective lending power. Either way, the funds would ultimately come from the United States, and the subject was undoubtedly discussed at the recent meeting of Prime Minister Macmillan and President Eisenhower in Washington.

There is a variant of this theme: that the United States should agree to a rise in the dollar price of gold. This would be a slightly less satisfactory way of achieving the desired object of increasing London's reserves, because it would increase Moscow's too. Nothing has been said in government circles about these



proposals. The official line remains unchanged: that Britain must work hard and gradually build up its reserves out of current earnings. But while the majority still believe in the first part of this solution, fewer and fewer think that Britain will be able to earn enough to build up its gold and dollar reserves to a really safe figure. The problem will be to repay loans already extended by the International Monetary Fund.

In London, the attitude of the U.S. government toward the sterling system has often seemed strangely lukewarm. American aid for rebuilding industry after the war and for armaments now has been spontaneous and lavish. But aid for the sterling area, in the form of a loan to the Bank of England, probably would not attract much support in Washington. Yet the sterling system is one of the vital supports in the non-Communist world's economic system. If it cracked or were removed, much else would go too. For instance, if Britain gave up its banking activities, what other country would take over London's share of the financing of international trade? (It has always been a mystery to British bankers that New York has not done more of this business anyhow.)

Other methods would be found, of course. The European Payments Union might be extended, though even this arrangement depends to a great extent on the pound sterling. But it would take time, and meanwhile the world is threatened with a trade recession—hardly the moment to start building afresh. Britain might impose control on the export of capital and upon the use of sterling balances kept in London (all of which, except Egypt's, can be freely spent at the moment). But Malaya may need its money, with tin and rubber bringing such low prices; other countries too may be planning to draw on their sterling reserves if the economic weather turns any colder. If these balances were blocked, the non-Communist world's spending power would be cut just when it was most vital for it to be maintained.

BRITAIN'S SITUATION is exactly that of a commercial bank which is operating on a shoestring in a community where no other bank seems to want the business. If there were a panic among depositors and a run on the bank that did lead to bankruptcy, countries like Ghana, Malaya, and India would find themselves bankrupt too. They could earn dollars instead, but it would take time and in the meanwhile there might be chaos, as when the gold standard broke down in the early 1930's.

If Britain stopped making loans or tried to arrange with depositors not to draw on their existing savings accounts, the bank would get by but the community might not—it would all depend on how good the economic weather was. Theoretically, of course, the customers could decide to leave the sterling system, let it close down, and take their business elsewhere or do it themselves. But India, Malaya, Australia, and New Zealand, to list a few prominent members of the sterling club, find the system very convenient. The association is entirely voluntary and informal (in any case London no longer has the power to make rules), and nobody else is willing to take on the business.

The only solution seems to be for Britain to get a loan, not to spend but to put in the window where all can see. If the rest of the world realizes that at last Britain has substantial capital (albeit on loan), the crises of confidence will cease.

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The Murder Of In Ho Oh

MARYA MANNES

THE CRIME was appalling because it was wholly without motive. It might have happened to anyone who crossed Hamilton Avenue at Thirty-sixth Street in Philadelphia at nine o'clock on the evening of April 25. There is nothing particularly sinister about the street or the neighborhood. Heavy-leaved trees line the sidewalk and half obscure the wood-and-stucco houses with their porches and pillars, slightly melancholy for lack of paint and an air of past gentility. Most are now filled with roomers: students from the University of Pennsylvania, ten blocks or so away, and white and colored people of modest means.

A Korean student named In Ho Oh lived with his aunt and uncle in a small and bare apartment in a corner house. His purpose in leaving it that night was to mail a letter in the mailbox diagonally across the street. His misfortune was to be on the street when eleven teen-age Negroes came by after having been turned away from a neighborhood dance—some, it seems, because of "improper attire" and some for lack of the admission price of sixty-five cents. According to newspaper reports the following day, they met other youths and told them what had happened. "At that point," a Juvenile Aid officer said, "these kids were ready to fight and probably would have attacked the first person they met on the street."

At least seven of the boys involved set upon the small, slight Korean student and beat him to death with a lead pipe, fists, shoes, and a blackjack. When he was a bloody pulp on the sidewalk, one of them is said to have shouted, "I've got his wallet. There's no money in it." Then they all ran away. In Ho Oh died ten minutes later.

The Legacy of Fear

For years men like Director Maurice Fagan of the Fellowship Commission in Philadelphia and many others in Jewish, Quaker, Protestant, and Catholic groups in Philadelphia have been trying—with some success—to educate their people in three concepts: that the answer to the brutality of crime is not brutality of law, for violence merely begets violence; that delinquency is bred not of race but of acute economic and social depression that disintegrates the family unit; and that if the incidence of Negro crime is high in the city, the deprivations of the Negro community and the indifference of their established neighbors has much to

do with it. Of the half million Negroes in Philadelphia, the majority live in squalor.

"After this," Fagan said, "we have been set back ten years. The attitudes have hardened: black against white, white against black. Compassion has been replaced by fear. And you cannot blame people," he said reluctantly, "for being afraid."

The murder of In Ho Oh was indeed enough to cause shock and abhorrence as well as fear. And though the nature of the victim of a murder should not be a measure of the nature of the act, in this case the qualities of the young Korean brought the horror of the crime and its perpetrators into sharper focus.

His Uncle Ki Hang Oh and his young Aunt Za Young Oh remember every moment of the day he was killed and the night after it and the many nightmares of the next few weeks. Ki Hang, a stocky man of thirty-seven, is working for a doctorate in Assyriology at Dropsie College and has had a full-time job besides to support himself, Za Young, and their two children, who live with their grandparents in Korea. His young wife arrived only five months ago from Pusan to join her husband and study singing at the University of Pennsylvania. She speaks little English, but she often corrected or amplified her husband's account in soft Korean, which he then translated for my benefit.

"He was so happy that day," said Ki Hang. "I remember him that morning, so neatly dressed—he never wore sport clothes, always very formal and neat, with his hair oiled and his shoes polished, and his clean white shirt and tie.

"I think that he was happy because at last he did not have to work so hard at night. He was always tired before; you know it is tiring to study all day and work all night. My nephew, first he ran an elevator in a bank, and then lately they gave him other work, lighter work, and he had more time to study. Also he was happy because he liked his studies in political science more than at first. You know, he wished to be a statesman in Korea, and we all knew he would be a wonderful statesman. He wanted so much to help his people."

In Ho, I learned, had been first in his class at high school in Seoul and one of the top three at the Seoul National University. He came to the United States as an exchange student on a scholarship and was graduated in philosophy from Eastern Baptist College in 1957.

"Perhaps," said his uncle, "when I speak of my nephew I make him too beautiful," and then, correcting himself, "too nice." But all who knew In Ho said the same things of him: that he was brilliant, shy, kind, perceptive, and full of great promise. He was, as all his family were and are, a practicing and dedicated Christian. He had a clear vision of what he wanted to be and do, and both images merged with the future of his people.

"MY NEPHEW," said Ki Hang, "did not believe in violence, he did not understand violence. If somebody would hit him he would not think of defending himself." He did not add that In Ho had neither time nor chance on that night in April,

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even if the thought of defense had occurred.

The uncle then spoke of that night. He and his wife were resting on their beds, exhausted after the day's work. They heard In Ho leave his room and go out, and thought he was leaving for his job at the Provident Tradesmens Bank. Some time later they heard a knock on the door and Mrs. Oh went to answer it. It was dark and a man was outside and asked, "Does a Chinese or a Korean live with you here?" Then there were other people and police cars and policemen and lights, and Mrs. Oh became more and more confused and fearful and went to rouse her husband. When he came to the door a policeman showed him a ball-point pen and asked, "Does this belong to your nephew?" Ki Hang said "Yes"; In Ho had just bought several like it. And then they told him what had happened.

"I lay on my bed then and could not rise. I could do nothing. I was overwhelmed. I could not move." So the uncle and aunt lay in a trance of horror while their friend, fellow student, and neighbor, Y. C. Kim, spoke for them to the police and then went with them to identify what was left of In Ho.

Even the Japanese Had a Reason

The Ohs were a prominent family in North Korea, where they had lived for generations before they fled from the Russians to the south after the Second World War: a large, affluent, and public-spirited clan who managed miraculously to preserve their family unity—in spirit at least—through half a century of Japanese occupation, Communist harassment, flight, dislocation, the Korean War, and all the successive dangers, deprivations, and deaths these events had brought upon them. Ki Hang himself went to high school in Manchuria, to a university in Japan, then back to South Korea during the war, where he was taken prisoner by the North Koreans and held for several months.

"I have seen many horrible things in these years," he said, "but not anything so horrible as what occurred to my nephew, for it had no meaning. I know of the Japanese atrocities and I know they were horrible. But they were not without reason: the Japanese did this for their country and their Emperor. The boys who killed my nephew had no reason." Yet when Ki Hang mentioned the Negro boys he did so with a strange detachment. Not once did he use the word "murder," and the phrase "when my nephew died" came most often to his lips.

The shock waves that hit Philadelphia were felt thousands of miles away. Although Ki Hang Oh had immediately sent a cable to In Ho's parents in Seoul telling them of the tragedy, it reached them only after they had read of it in the Korean papers. They telephoned him: "Can this possibly be true?"

A Letter from Pusan

By this time, the conscience of Philadelphia made itself felt. The press and Mayor Richardson Dilworth gave full expression to the surge of shame and horror. Because In Ho had been a civilian interpreter with the U.S. Army during the Korean War, two women volunteers in the local Red Cross chapter

undertook to provide communication between the family in Korea and the family in Philadelphia, and they assisted in the painful and complex processes of In Ho's funeral and the disposition of his body. At first the Hos felt that it should be returned to Korea so that the ancient rituals involving his parents' presence at the interment could be consummated. A maze of obstacles, including prolonged delay in transporting the casket, made this impossible, and it was decided in family council to cremate his remains and ship his ashes for burial there. But this decision in turn was rescinded by In Ho's parents. This letter made their reasons clear:

PUSAN, KOREA

DIRECTOR
PHILADELPHIA RED CROSS

DEAR SIR:

We, the parents of In Ho Oh, on behalf of our whole family, deeply appreciate the expressions of sympathy you have extended to us at this time. In Ho had almost finished the preparation needed for the achievement of his ambition, which was to serve his people and nation as a Christian statesman. His death by an unexpected accident leaves that ambition unachieved.

When we heard of his death, we could not believe the news was true, for the shock was so unexpected and sad, but now we find that it is an undeniable fact that In Ho has been killed by a gang of Negro boys whose souls were not saved and in whom human nature is paralyzed. We are sad now, not only because of In Ho's unachieved future, but also because of the unsaved souls and paralyzed human nature of the murderers.

We thank God that He has given us a plan whereby our sorrow is being turned into Christian purpose. It is our hope that we may somehow be instrumental in the salvation of the souls, and in giving life to the human nature of the murderers. Our family has met together and we have decided to petition that the most generous treatment possible within the laws of your government be given to those who have committed this criminal action without knowing what it would mean to him who has been sacrificed, to his family, to his friends, and to his country.

In order to give evidence of our sincere hope contained in this petition our whole family has decided to save money to start a fund to be used for the religious, educational, vocational, and social guidance of the boys when they are released. In addition, we are daring to hope that we can do something to minimize such juvenile criminal actions which are to be found, not only in your country, but also in Korea, and, we are sure, everywhere in the world.

About the burial of the physical

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body of him who has been sacrificed; we hope that you could spare a piece of land in your country and bury it there, for your land, too, is homeland for Christians and people of the democratic society, and it is our sincere hope that thus we will remember your people, and you will remember our people, and that both you and we will more vitally sense an obligation for the better guidance of juvenile delinquents whose souls are unsaved, and whose human natures are paralyzed. We hope in this way to make his tomb a monument which will call attention of people to this cause. We think this is a way to give life to the dead, and to the murderers, and to keep you and us closer in Christian love and fellowship.

We are not familiar with your customs and you may find something hard to understand in what we are trying to say and do. Please interpret our hope and idea with Christian spirit and in the light of democratic principles. We have dared to express our hope with a spirit received from the Gospel of our Savior Jesus Christ who died for our sins.

May God bless you, your people, and particularly the boys who killed our son and kinsman.

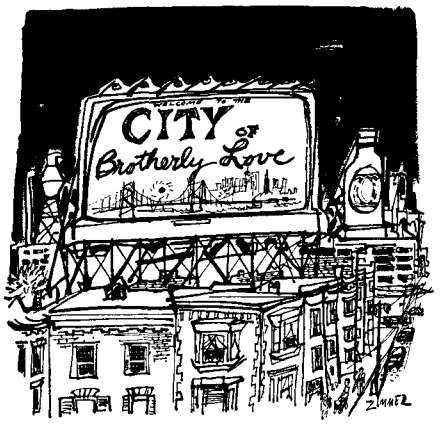
KI BYANG OH (father)
President, Yung-Chin Industrial Company
SHIN WYNN H. OH (mother)

The letter was signed also by two uncles, two aunts, five sisters, two brothers, and nine cousins.

'We Are Very Careful Now'

The funeral services were held in a small chapel in West Philadelphia. To represent his parents, In Ho's older uncle, Ki Song Oh, who was completing his master of arts degree in international law at the university in Austin, Texas, was flown to Philadelphia so that he could attend the ceremony—with the aid and resources, once more, of the Red Cross chapter. There were about fifty mourners—Korean fellow students of In Ho, his professors, close friends, and community leaders. A large number of Negroes lived in the neighborhood, but no Negroes were to be seen. Fearfully and silently they peered through their windows at the coffin and the mourners.

Mayor Dilworth spoke and wept. The handsome, war-toughened ex-Marine said in a broken voice, "It is a horrible thing that this could happen in our city." At the close of the service he stood apart from the others, looking down at the sealed casket.



The young Korean finally came to rest in the consecrated ground of the Old Pine Street Presbyterian Church in the company of Philadelphia's honored Americans.

Though their nephew's body was in peace and the boys who killed him had been arraigned and the good people of the city were offering help and kindness at every turn, Ki Hang Oh and his wife could no longer bear to remain in the street where In Ho Oh had died. They kept seeing his face and hearing his voice. And there were mysterious telephoned threats, the psychotic wake of crime and horror. Police were stationed to protect the Ohs and follow them everywhere, but still they felt they had to move away.

After a fruitless search for a shelter within their means, a director of the Red Cross chapter offered to take them into his home. "Even here," he said, "on the top floor, with my family all around them and police outside, they were filled with fear. I could hear Mrs. Oh pacing the floor of her room at four in the morning, night after night."

"We are very careful now—very careful," said Ki Hang Oh.

A City's Personal Shame

And what of the cause of their terror and their loss, the boys who had killed? The police had rounded most of them up within a few hours of the crime. "Our Gang Control Squad," said the inspector in charge of the Juvenile Aid Bureau, "knows all the gangs in each neighborhood and we had plenty of clues."

Since the case, to open June 23 with separate trials for the defendants, is *sub judice,* details concerning the youths cannot be released at this point. But already published are these facts about the nine being held. Their ages range from fifteen to nineteen, and they come from the lowest income group in the city, from broken homes and slum neighborhoods. Several of them have records of previous arrests. Two bear proud American names: Douglas MacArthur Clark and Franklin Marshall. One, the eldest, is retarded. And in refutation of a popular theory that newcomers from the South are the root of the trouble, all the boys were Philadelphia-born, though their parents may have come from the South. In speaking of this migration, Director of Parole Dr. John Otto Reinemann suggested that boys of this age, black or white, suffered particularly from parental neglect, for their mothers had entered defense plants during the war, leaving them to a life on the streets without guidance, home, or family. "These boys were born, you see, in the 1940's."

Philadelphia feels an almost personal shame for them: an emotion apparently alien to New York, which is too big, too complex, and too diffuse to feel responsibility for the crimes committed daily on its streets. It may also be that Philadelphia's conscience has been prodded chiefly by the traditions of its Quaker and Jewish groups. For although the city has bred individuals of great distinction and service of other faiths and affiliations, there is a cohesion among the Friends and the Jews that gives them particular strength.

But for the average citizen, the shame felt for these boys was coupled not so much with a sense of responsibility for their condition as with a loathing that found its quickest release in fear and hysteria. The first stunned reaction to the Christian charity the Ohs had shown changed from incredulity and admiration to a mounting demand for vengeful action. Although the Negro papers, often shrill with their own hysteria of resentment and blame of whites, exaggerated when they wrote of a "pre-trial 'lynch atmosphere,'" the editor of the Philadelphia *Courier* spoke the simple truth when he said: "Most tragic of all regarding civil stability is that when crimes

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are committed by Negro youths, public indignation turns upon the Negro race, sparing none."

It has also turned, with fury, on all forms of sociological explanation, on all efforts at understanding basic causes, at all corrective measures that are not immediate and merciless. "The public," said Mr. Fagan sadly, "is willing to spend unlimited funds for whipping posts, in spite of the fact that there is conclusive proof that 'the works' don't work any more than 'softness' does." And the inspector of Juvenile Aid himself admitted that strong-arm methods by the police alone were of little avail.

"We did a month's experiment with gangs of delinquents," he said, "harassing them all the time, arresting them, sitting on their necks, throwing them in jail for the smallest offenses, and at the end of that time the incidence of crimes among them only increased. We found that the only way we could get anywhere was through the active co-operation of the community where they lived—with their teachers and their parents, with civic groups and social workers. And for two years now we have had special officers on our force who have been trained in community relations at the University of Pennsylvania.

"It's a slow process, and there are no quick answers. But we seem to have made some progress in one area at least, and that's in the use of weapons. Ever since our judges have clamped down hard on kids for the mere possession of weapons, you don't see so many. They're afraid to get caught with them. The boys in this case mostly used hands and feet —except for pop bottles and that one blackjack."

Straight Talk from the Mayor

The public may demand a quick end to its fears and an assurance of safety through harsh means; the district attorney may, as he has promised, exact utmost penalties for this hideous crime. But the wise men, the good men, and the brave men of the town know better—the mayor himself, the Juvenile Aid inspector, the director of paroles, the head of the new and shining Youth Study Center where the delinquent boys and girls are held before they are brought to trial or returned to their homes.

In a broadcast soon after the murder the mayor spoke on the whole subject of delinquency in Philadelphia. He mentioned the flood of mail he had received urging immediate and repressive action and underlaid with racial animus, and he said, among other things: "I think it is helpful to give a specific example of the terrible harm that is reaped upon a community by inhuman, repressive measures," and he told of the way Negroes lived in Johannesburg and were treated there. "Any Negro found on the street at night is shot on sight. Yet, today, Johannesburg has the highest incidence of Negro crimes of violence of any city in the world, and the white population does not dare venture on the streets at night without armed protection. I just do not think that we can emphasize enough that man's inhumanity to man simply results in increased violence and evil."

In discussing solutions, the mayor said: "The fundamental reason so many juveniles have been released on probation is that our state is unfortunately almost a hundred years behind the times in providing the essential facilities for dealing with juvenile problems. . . . today we have no facility whatsoever in the state to which mentally disturbed or backward girls can be sent. There is absolutely no facility operated by the state for mentally disturbed or backward boys under sixteen years of age. There is absolutely no state institution where juveniles who are just starting to turn bad and need a good, sharp, short lesson can be sent. . . ." And there was no place at all where those who have served their sentences can be prepared for a return to freedom: a sort of decompression chamber for emergence into normal society.

"I myself," he said later, "have appeared at four successive sessions of the legislature to urge the necessary appropriations for these essential facilities, but have been told that there has been no evidence of any citizen interest; on the contrary, that the citizens are demanding a decrease in so-called welfare expenditures."

And as if to disprove this charge and to answer the flood of questions from a presumably awakened citizenry as to what they themselves could do to stem this tide of youthful crime, the mayor listed twenty-two organizations and activities that an individual could join in the fight against delinquency. The broadcast is estimated to have reached many tens of thousands in the city. Ninety-four Philadelphians volunteered their services.

Although the mayor took pains to make clear that the high rate of crime among Philadelphia's half million Negroes was an inevitable result of the appalling conditions in which many were forced to live and the attendant human disintegrations, he did not absolve the Negro community of its share of guilt.

"There is also a regrettable scarcity of leadership in the Negro communities in the large cities. That is largely due to the fact that only some ninety years have elapsed since the days of slavery and very little opportunity has been open to them in fields which create leadership. . . . I think the one real criticism that can be leveled at some of the important elements of the Negro community is that they demand, as they should, their rights as first-class citizens, but at the same time seek to retain the privileges and special considerations of a distinctly minority group. They must do more to help themselves . . ."

Mrs. Oh had only this to say of the boys who killed her nephew: "Not one of their families wrote to share our sorrow. In our country people in their position would have done so." She might also have added that no matter how grinding their poverty, Asian mothers do not leave their children on the street but preserve, above all, the family unit. It is an established fact that of all the minorities in this country the Chinese have the lowest crime rate.

What Has Been Done

"Our main purpose now," said Mr. Fagan of the Fellowship Commission, "is to keep some line of communication open between whites and Negroes, so that they can at least still talk to each other. If that is lost, everything else goes too."

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Yet much has been done since In Ho was killed—by the people who always act when they are needed, in war or peace. The mayor immediately set up a scholarship fund, contributing the first $100 himself, for a Korean student at the University of Pennsylvania, and it has passed the $4,000 mark.

The Red Cross chapter and the Provident Tradesmens Bank and Trust Company where In Ho worked have established a fund for Ki Hang Oh and his wife, so that they can finish their studies and he his thesis without his forty-eight-hour-a-week job to consume his time, and so that they can return sooner to Korea to join their children and teach. "My wife will give concerts there," he said, "to raise more money for the memory of In Ho and his fund." Already $1,700 has been collected from private citizens for this purpose. Their former neighbors have collected money in In Ho's name for the U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund, to provide milk in Korea.

The Ohs are profoundly grateful for what has been done for them by the people of Philadelphia, the groups of citizens that are the core of its conscience, the compassionate ones. They cannot understand the vengeful rage of others who suffered no loss.

And when you ask Ki Hang what—if he had the power—he would do for these boys who killed, how he would actually implement his family's purpose of guidance and mercy for them, he only smiles and says: "You know we do not think of social problems. We are very simple. We have very simple ideas. We do not believe in hate or violence. We believe in the Christian spirit, and God's love."

GOD'S LOVE may not satisfy the people who live in fear. It provides no practical answer to Philadelphia's pressing troubles. In itself it is certainly no program of action.

But in their simplicity the Ohs may have made us wonder just how Christian those people are who cry for retribution and demand violence as a counter to violence, and just how well the people of the enlightened West take care of their own children.

French Black Africa By-passes 'The Tempest of Nationalism'

J. H. HUIZINGA

WHILE EVERYWHERE else in the colonial and ex-colonial world independence has been coveted as the highest good, the native leaders of French West Africa and French Equatorial Africa have called it out of date, an illusory blessing, and a myth. While until now no colonized people that has become politically conscious has ever been prepared to accept anything less than full control of its own affairs, the politicians of these areas declare themselves willing and indeed anxious to share the management of some of these affairs—defense, foreign policy, currency, etc.—with their former French masters. Until now even those emancipated peoples who, like the Australians or the New Zealanders, are of the same stock as their former

rulers have always refused to accept any organic links with them. But the chosen representatives of the peoples under French rule south of the Sahara declare that they wish their lands to remain permanently and organically linked with France in the form of a Franco-African Federation.

BUT LET THEM speak for themselves. Félix Houphouet-Boigny, the leader of French Black Africa's largest political party, who has recently been named a minister of state in Premier de Gaulle's cabinet, told Kwame Nkrumah shortly after Ghana celebrated its independence from Britain last year: "Your experiment is exceedingly tempting. But in view of our good relations with the French and because in the twentieth century all peoples have become interdependent, we have preferred to make another experiment, a unique experiment: the Franco-African Community."

And at a congress of his Rassemblement Démocratique Africain last fall, Houphouet said: "We would show ourselves to be the opposite of progressive if we were to set ourselves up as a nation-state without first having tried to adhere to a larger economic and political grouping such as the old nations of Europe, who are now beginning to feel restricted within their national frontiers, have decided to form and which alone offers a guarantee of true independence, the independence which liberates from misery and obscurantism."

More than a year before that, he said: "It is inconceivable that an African nation, economically as well as militarily weak, could claim absolute independence in this century in which there is no longer room for independent nations." He said further that "a tempest of nationalism is blowing throughout the entire world, a new mystique is propagated with hysterical fervor, the mystique of independence, that independence which does not really solve a single problem: to this mystique we wish to oppose the French mystique of fraternity."

Houphouet does not speak for himself alone. His party, a mass movement that for several years fought the colonial ruler as vigorously as Nkrumah's party did in Ghana, fully endorses his attitude. Witness, for instance, the resolution of its last conference held in Bamako last fall: "The Congress holds that the interdependence of peoples is the golden rule of the twentieth century . . . and authorizes the party's parliamentary representatives to work for the creation of a federal Franco-African state." This the native electorate had already done when on March 31, 1957, it went to the polls to elect (by universal adult franchise) the twelve territorial assemblies for the eight territories that make up French West Africa (Sen-

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egal, Sudan, Mauritania, Guinea, Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Dahomey, Niger) and the four territories of French Equatorial Africa (Gabon, Middle Congo, Ubangi-Shari, Chad). In the Ivory Coast, where Houphouet's party had to compete with an old-fashioned nationalist party agitating for full independence, the nationalists failed to win a single seat.

Outside the Ivory Coast, the voters were not even invited to choose between the old and the new type of nationalism. For though the three leading parties—Houphouet's Rassemblement Démocratique Africain (R.D.A.), Léopold Senghor's Convention Africaine, and Lamine Gueye's Mouvement Socialiste Africain—competed vigorously for the electorate's favor, they did not indulge in the old game of trying to outbid one another in nationalist fervor.

THE PARTIES did something else unique in the history of nationalist movements. They could have encouraged the voters to elect all-black assemblies and to sweep out every last one of the white members, who until then had always been assured one-third of the seats by the electoral arrangements that were abolished by the reforms of 1956-1957. In the elections of March, 1957, the white minority of ninety thousand no longer enjoyed any such electoral privileges over the black majority of twenty-three million. For the first time, black and white voted as equals. The African voters, presented by their party leaders with lists of candidates that in every case included whites, helped them win no less than forty-seven of the 674 seats. A still more striking proof of the African leaders' apparent desire to make a reality of the Franco-African community is that after the elections they gave Europeans twenty-two of the 127 cabinet positions they had at their disposal.

How is it to be explained? Houphouet himself gave a hint last fall when he said: "If we had been colonized by the English, we too would doubtless have opted for independence." That is to say, in his view the explanation is to be found in the difference between British and French colonial policy. But exactly wherein does this crucial difference lie?

The answer is not that the French, as is commonly thought, show much less racial prejudice in their daily intercourse with the colored races. That is largely a myth. Nor has it much to do with France's much-talked-of assimilation policy.

No, the real difference between British and French colonial policy lies elsewhere. The British and the French have been about equally successful in inculcating the native elites under their rule with their respective forms of culture, their way of life, and their political philosophy. But in so doing they have put a very different imprint on them.

The natives of French Black Africa were taught the revolutionary and originally supranational credo of liberty, equality, and fraternity, belief in the rights of *man* regardless of frontiers, color, or race; whereas the British offered a very different and much more nationalistic faith, the belief in the rights of peoples to dispose of themselves—liberty, equality, and fraternity not as between men but as between the nations to which they belong. This accounts at least partly for the difference in attitude between Nkrumah and Houphouet.

P.G.s and Dear Colleagues

While a man like Nkrumah, who was given no other field for his political ambitions than his native land, found his dynamism occasionally rewarded by a spell in jail, men like Senghor or Houphouet, no less ardent fighters for the emancipation of their people but invested with the full dignity—and the immunities—of membership in the French National Assembly, find their talents occasionally recognized in the award of a seat in the French cabinet. Instead of the white cap with the letters "P.G." (Prison Graduate) that is Nkrumah's proudest possession, they sometimes put on a ministerial uniform. And that naturally goes some way to explain why they have a wider horizon and adopt a different attitude to the French authorities, with whom they have often worked together on the highest level as *chers collègues*. For Nkrumah, the British could only become "dear colleagues" when he became prime minister of an independent sovereign state.

Yet not all the native politicians share Houphouet's approach to the question of Franco-African relations. For many of them, the Franco-African Community is to be no love match but, as one of his younger lieutenants, Premier Sekou Toure of French Guinea, has put it, "a marriage of self-interest and reason." They are prepared to renounce independence for the sake of a continuation of the generous economic aid they have been receiving from France, which in recent years has averaged $230 million a year (a figure that includes aid to Madagascar but excludes North Africa, so that by far the largest part has indeed gone to French Black Africa). They are aware that they have done far better than their brothers in British West Africa; during the period 1949-1955, the French territories, with half the population of the British, were allocated about five times as much money.

They know further that sovereignty is an expensive luxury, and point to Ghana, which has had to spend some ten per cent of its revenues on the foreign and defense services that French West and Equatorial Africa get almost for nothing. Even that is not all. While sovereign Ghana also has to bear the full cost of its higher education, judiciary, gendarmerie, communications, broadcasting, and many technical services, the native leaders of French Black Africa know that by consenting to remain part of a Franco-African Federation a major share of such services will be paid for by the French taxpayer.

Masters in Their Own Houses

There is, of course, another reason why, for the time being at any rate, these areas promise to become what Raymond Cartier of *Paris-Match* has called "that rarest of exceptions, a conquered people electing to remain with its conqueror." France has come to understand that the emancipation of its African wards, which had been carried a certain distance (thirty-two black deputies to represent the twenty-seven million French Africans—including Togoland and the Cameroons—in the French Parlia-

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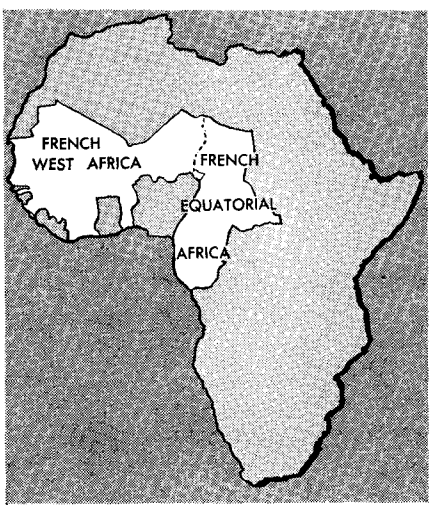
ment) by the typically French policy of integration, could be completed only by a very un-French policy of decentralization. The French recoiled from the prospect of having their own parliament invaded by some three hundred black deputies representing culturally and economically backward territories. And just as naturally, the Africans, while prepared to remain part of the Franco-African Community, did not want to become French to the point of completely submerging their own newly discovered national personality.

If it was out of the question, then, to complete their emancipation by giving them full equality of status as citizens of the French Republic, the only way to meet their demand for equality was to transform the community into a federation in which Africans would be as much masters in their own house as the French would be in Metropolitan France. And that is just what the great reforms carried through by Gaston Defferre, minister of overseas territories in 1956 and 1957, have gone a long way to achieve. In every one of France's African territories that have been granted a degree of self-government, ministries responsible to parliaments elected by universal franchise, disposing of their own revenues and equipped with their own administrative staffs, now exercise real executive power over many matters.

A FEW FIGURES will best indicate the scope of these reforms and what they mean, both materially and psychologically. Until 1957, some sixty of the native leaders could hope to achieve the position of deputy or senator in Paris, while one or two might perhaps attain the glory of an occasional term as "Monsieur le Ministre." In Africa itself, the most they could attain was unpaid membership in one of the twelve territorial assemblies whose effective powers were then still largely limited to voting a small part, twenty per cent, of the regional budget. Today there are, apart from those sixty seats and the one or two portfolios that Paris has to offer, no less than 127 ministerial jobs available in French Black Africa. What is more, they are well-paid jobs. And the same goes for mere backbenchers of the territorial assemblies, whose 784 members have used their greatly increased powers to vote substantial salaries for themselves.

Are the French Ready?

Meanwhile Africa, too, has its "angry young men." Like their brethren in England, they are painfully old-fashioned. Their parents, fully realizing how much they stand to gain, have learned to think in twentieth-century terms of integration or federation. But the younger people now at the university in Paris or Dakar still parrot the clichés about



the sins of French imperialism and clamor for old-fashioned independence.

That is one reason why the success of the unique experiment is by no means assured. There are others. One is that Houphouet's hold over his people has recently shown some signs of slipping, while his younger colleague, the more nationalistic Sekou Toure, has seemed to grow in stature. Another reason is that some Africans are already clamoring for a more complete form of internal autonomy than they obtained under the reforms of 1956-1957. It still remains to be seen to what extent these demands will strain Franco-African relations.

And even if, as seems likely, the process of emancipation through decentralization is to be completed without too much difficulty, there will still remain one formidable problem. In the final stage of the building of the Franco-African Community, the French will have to go back to the original and much more exacting policy of integration. That is to say, they will have to agree to share the control of such vital matters as foreign policy, defense, and currency with their African wards, who will expect to be represented in proportion to their numbers in the federal parliament that will take over the responsibility in these fields.

This is the only way that the African demand for full equality can be met, and it confronts the French with a challenge no other colonial ruler has yet had to meet. To transfer power back to the people from whom one has originally taken it is one thing and nothing new. To agree to share vital powers with one's wards is quite another, and it has never yet been done.

Is French opinion ready for such an unprecedented step? The African politicians have few illusions on this score. They admit that if the Franco-African federation is not to founder on white separatism, it will have to be a federation *sui generis*, giving the Africans, to begin with at any rate, less than full equality of status. One leading African politician, Léopold Senghor, has even gone so far as to suggest that France might keep full control of foreign policy and defense, in which Africans have little concern, provided the Africans had the control to which their numbers entitle them over all matters of economic policy affecting their interests. It remains to be seen, however, whether such generous ideas will commend themselves to the majority of his colleagues.

YET GREAT as are the sacrifices that will be asked of both the French and the Africans if their Franco-African Community is not to prove a pipe dream, there are grounds for hope as well as for skepticism. Just as the Africans have good economic reasons to accept, for the time being at any rate, a form of Franco-African Federation that would give them less than that full equality, so the French might well, for the sake of maintaining the *"présence française"* in French Black Africa, be willing to put more money into it than would be justified on strictly economic grounds. That is to say, both sides have a good deal to gain by working out a mutually acceptable type of organic community.

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President Wilson, Dr. Freud, And 'The Story of a Style'

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

ALTHOUGH the centenary of Woodrow Wilson's birth took place almost a year and a half ago, the flood of biographies, reinterpretations, memorial lectures, and devotional essays let loose by the occasion has been continuing ever since. Now, following such warm and perceptive studies as those of Arthur S. Link, John A. Garraty, August Heckscher, and Arthur Walworth, we have Herbert Hoover's unique exercise in bipartisan tribute, *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson,* making the circle of appreciation nearly complete.

We have come a long way indeed from the days when one of the favorite exercises of many historians and commentators was to disdain Wilson when they did not flatly deplore both the man and his works. To the campaigners and philosophers of the G.O.P. in Mr. Hoover's own prime, this first Democrat in the White House since Grover Cleveland was by turns an impractical professor, an executive tyrant, and a kind of Don Quixote pursuing foreign windmills. In the eyes of Charles and Mary Beard, whose *The Rise of American Civilization* was required reading for a whole between-wars generation, he was something worse —a demagogue who had inveigled us into a world crusade simply as a devise for shoring up his waning political fortunes at home. And as for H. L. Mencken and his school, they saw in Wilson a mere charlatan out to convert foreign heathens while giving free rein to witch hunters and obscurantists in our midst.

As all but our youngest citizens recall, Franklin D. Roosevelt was hounded by comparable assault. Yet it can be argued that the upheaval against Wilson was more articulate, and in the end more disruptive. This was perhaps because Wilson himself was a more intellectual man than the second Roosevelt—certainly a more imperious and obstinate one—and as such particularly apt to attract the literate by uplifting them and then to repel them when he seemed to let them down.

The Bare Workings of Mind

No President since John Quincy Adams ever seemed so learned, austere, and on occasion so withdrawn as the former president of Princeton. On the other hand, perhaps none—not even Lincoln—bared so much of himself and the inner workings of his mind and conscience as Wilson did in the impulsive speech and highly charged oratory of which he was a master. His very surge of language helped make him great, but it also made him a target for intellectuals when his visions seemed to soar out of range of his actions.

Henry Cabot Lodge, proper Bostonian, fellow historian, friend of Henry Adams, political cynic, and chief senatorial tormentor of Wilson, was of course the ranking symbol of articulate revolt against the Virginia Democrat. On a lesser level the late James M. Beck, sometime United States Solicitor General and a leading legal light of the Republicans, regaled readers of both parties with a swashbuckling satire, *The Passing of the New Freedom,* in which he poked fun at the learned Chief Executive's lapses of knowledge of geography abroad and constitutional practice at home.

The treason of the intellectuals against Wilson also embraced so staunch a fellow Jeffersonian as Albert Jay Nock, who hurled weekly philippics against him in the pages of the distinguished old *Freeman.*

In 1920 a sudden sensation was caused by the appearance of a unique tract entitled *The Story of a Style* and billed as "A psychoanalytic study of Woodrow Wilson," by William Bayard Hale—who was not a psychoanalyst at all but a prominent newspaperman, a former Episcopalian clergyman, and an early friend of Wilson, with whom he had fallen out. That an uninvited nonprofessional should presume to psychoanalyze a President in office was thought by many to be quite outrageous. I suppose (and here, in passing judgment on the late William Bayard Hale, I find myself judging my own father) that it *was* outrageous.

Swept up in the enthusiasm for the Freudian gospel that was just then becoming popular in America, Hale had determined to subject Wilson to what might be called a literary lay analysis, and to comb his writings and spoken words for revelations of the President's subconscious.

If you probed deeply enough, wouldn't a man's literary style show up his deep-seated drives, fears, and anxieties? Surely in this case it would, Hale argued, emphasizing that Wilson was a man of words whose scepter was his pen and whose sword was his tongue. And while Hale had not been given secret access to Wilson's psyche, he at least knew his subject's literary style intimately, having been the President's first biographer as well as the editor who had put together Wilson's 1912 campaign speeches under the title of *The New Freedom.* He had also served Wilson as special emissary in revolutionary Mexico.

BUT THE early admirer had become progressively disenchanted with his former friend and patron, to the point where he now felt that Wilson, despite all his outward shows of brilliance and force, was at bottom a wavering, divided man, torn by deep inner conflict. So, while other critics were busy tearing into the President for his part in the Treaty of Versailles, Hale with an air of solemnity went about analyzing Wilson's use of phrases and parts of speech and came up with the diagnosis that his patient had been a neurotic case from way back.

Freud had written of symptoms of

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unconscious interference with the exercise of will. Hale, late of the New York *Times*, took a field trip into the vast preserve of Wilson's published words and announced his astonishment at his subject's inordinate reliance upon adjectives—words that added superlatives on one hand and qualified them on the other. A sample passage showed Wilson even as a young writer using as many as thirty adjectives in barely more than a hundred words, as against only one "pure" verb. By contrast, a poll of equivalent samples of several dozen other authors showed that *they* had generally averaged only one adjective to every three verbs. What did young Wilson's phenomenal fondness for modifiers and his reluctance to use verbs, or "action-words," signify? Was it possibly an indication of an impulse to avoid action?

What had really been in young Wilson's mind when he set down such phrases as "careful, painstaking inquiry," "thorough, exhaustive and open discussion," or "severe, distinct and sharp enunciation"? What kind of painstaking inquiry would not be careful? "Exhaustive and open discussion" would have been ample; what additional idea was conveyed by adding "thorough"? Wasn't this a case of protesting too much and thereby confessing underlying uncertainty and subconscious doubt?

Pressing on, Hale examined what he saw as multiplying evidences of the President's inhibition and evasion over the years. He presented long lists of what he called talismanic words with private meanings known only to their author, totting up the rate of recurrence of such favorites as "processes," "voices," "counsel," and "punctilio," alternating with "proud punctilio." He filled whole pages with enumerations of Wilsonian "springboard locutions," from "Nothing could be more obvious than . . ." to "May I *not* remind you of the circumstance that . . ." (a usage that had already impelled one critic to remark during Wilson's voyage to Versailles that he was traveling "at the rate of twenty May-I-knots an hour").

Further, as a newspaper man taught not to waste words or fall in love with them, Hale dwelt on Wilson's tendency toward repetition and alliteration, arguing that this indicated a mind infatuated with mere sound at the expense of sense and of clear exposition. He fixed upon such Wilsonian favorites as "common counsel" and "proud passion" and spent some time on "fountains," a word he found repeated almost a hundred times in a single Presidential address ("fountains of friendship . . . fountains of learning . . . fountains of perpetual youth"). Finally he brought up this particular nugget: "We must conduct our *o*perations without *p*assions, and ourselves *p*reserve the *p*roud *p*unctilio of the *p*rinciples of fair *p*lay we *p*rofess. . ."

Sheer surrender to phonetic spells, concluded this literary lay analyst.

"Mr. Wilson does not concur, he entirely concurs," Hale summed up at one point; "he is seldom gratified, he usually is profoundly gratified; he does not feel pleasure, he experiences unaffected pleasure; he seldom says anything, but he is always privileged to say, or, speaking from his heart, says, or in all frankness says. . . . [He] has never claimed to be 'frank.' He is always at least 'very frank,' sometimes 'extremely frank,' and not infrequently 'entirely frank.' " Could all these superlative modifiers, Hale asked archly, possibly mean that the President wasn't being frank at all?

But the loftiest favorite of the President's was "counsel," with all the changes rung on it ("common," "open," "purposeful," "forthright," and so on). "This alluring vocable is the very summit of the Wilsonian verbal hierarchy. There is a subordinate priesthood of ceremonial words like 'quick,' 'handsome,' 'adjustment,' 'visions' and 'voices'. . . . But 'counsel' is clothed with plenary mystical powers. It 'needs must' (to use another Wilsonian locution) make its appearance, like . . . a cuckoo out of one of those Swiss clocks, every quarter of an hour or so."

"Counsel" was, in short, a "verbal cocktail" with which the speaker needed to refresh himself at intervals before getting down to the matter at hand. Not that Wilson meant that he really was going to counsel with anybody, except possibly himself. The repeated word was nothing more, then, than a symptom of a mind intoxicated with sheer incantation and reluctant to move ahead by logical thought—a mind bent upon flight from reality, on substituting words for facts, symbols for reality, and on staging "mimic representations of struggle" while itself retreating into what sometimes seemed to be "infantile stages of thought."

The Beginnings of 'Graphology'

As psychoanalysis, much of this was obviously pretty shaky, but as political propaganda it had its impact. Unfortunately for *The Story of a Style*, however, which had come close to suggesting that the President's mental condition might soon grow worse, between its writing and its publication the President actually did suffer a collapse while on a Western speaking tour in behalf of his vision of the League of Nations. What had begun as a brisk polemic therewith ended on a somber note, and most critics promptly buried it in the interest of discretion. This left only a few unreconstructed rebels to savor it—chief among them the boisterous Mencken, who acclaimed Hale's foraging expedition into the Wilsonian interior "with machetes, hand-grenades and lengths of gas-pipe. . . . He spreads it out on the operating table, sharpens his snickersnee on his bootleg, and proceeds to so harsh an anatomizing that it nearly makes me sympathize

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with the victim. . . . Imagine Harding on the Hale operating table."

In Vienna, meanwhile, Sigmund Freud himself was not sure just what to make of all this. His first reaction was to write Hale to say that he didn't think that this effort should really be called psychoanalysis. Yet, he went on, "There is the true spirit of psychoanalysis in it. You have indeed opened up a new field of analytic research, and your first results, however incomplete, may be correct so far as I can judge them. That kind of a higher and more scientific 'Graphology' is sure to find a broad application in literary criticism."

BUT THEN the master bethought himself again and revealed some further doubts. "I fully sympathize with you," he said in a second letter; "but I think you should not describe your work as a cool scientific study of the man. There is deep passion behind your investigation; it often betrays itself . . . You need not be ashamed of it. Yet I cannot overcome my feeling that what you have done is a bit of vivisection . . ."

At this point Freud revealed a little of his own passions. "And now let me add in a purely confidential way: I detest the man who is the object of your study: as far as a single individual can be responsible for the misery of this part of the world, he surely is." The great doctor shared his compatriots' resentment over the way Austria had been cut up by the treaty after the war.

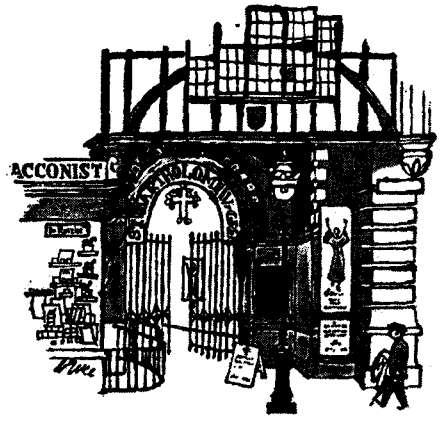
In subsequent letters Freud went on airing his own ambivalent feelings to the American amateur who had both attracted and disturbed him. "Mr. Wilson is a living personality and not a product of political phantasy . . . ," he wrote. "In my opinion, psychoanalysis should never be used as a weapon in literary or political polemics." And again, growing increasingly apprehensive: "Psychoanalysis should not be practiced on a living subject . . . unless he submits to it. I am not in the habit of killing my own patients."

Although Wilson in his prime was always eager to meet and demolish attacks upon himself, I doubt that he ever read *The Story of a Style*, any more than as a student of ideas he ever got around to Freud.

The Private Villages That Are London Town

JOHN ROSSELLI

LONDON flows through your fingers like water. Other cities guide you or spread themselves out so you take them in at a glance. Paris gives you concentric rings of boulevards to hold onto and calculated vistas that show you where to look. Manhattan and Edinburgh throw up sharp masses against the sky. But London just goes on, has no finite views, builds up to no climax, and is not even a single identifiable town. People notice that they have crossed a boundary when they start paying local taxes to a different authority. Yet to most of its inhabitants, London is a



village—a few streets where they live, shop, gossip, and die, a special corner where they meet fellow workers at the same trade, or else a village of the mind, a network of private relationships traced over the huge indifferent town.

IN LATIN TOWNS, where evening brings everybody out to parade on certain streets, people still feel that they are citizens in the ancient sense—they are all members of a single city clearly marked off from the rest of the world. Something of this survives in Edinburgh, in San Francisco, even in Manhattan. But not in London. True, on a warm Sunday one may see men in open shirts and women in cotton dresses strolling away from the crowd round the orators at Speakers' Corner and down Oxford Street, or moving amid a flutter of sun and pigeons in Trafalgar Square: they are not journeying by some complicated bus-and-subway route between home villages or workplaces or railroad stations, they are just lazying their contented way through a town called London. But these moments are rare, and even then the place for people to be happy is not so much a central square or esplanade as the pub where little groups wander, beer glass in hand, between the bar and the river with its barges outside, the corner of Hyde Park that draws lovers and children, or else, most private of all, the back garden that seems an island even though the neighbor's washing overlooks it and the grind of changing gears drifts in from the street.

Espresso and Velvet Jackets

On still rarer occasions, like the night before Queen Elizabeth was crowned, the villages seem to melt away; but what takes their place is again not a city. Among the crowds that bed down in the parks to await the day are Australian students rolled up in sleeping bags; others, singing folk songs, are Canadians; here is an Indian; there an American; Scots, Irish, Welsh; people from the provinces who keep their accents though they live in London for years, while, weaving in and out, a group of dumpy Cockneys dance to "Knees Up, Mother Brown," the raucous theme song for these moments of crowded gaiety, and the first newsboys shout that Everest has been climbed by a New Zealander and a Nepalese. At such moments London seems the capital, no longer of empire perhaps, but of half the world. Not a place like New York, where the nations find a home, but a great tidal basin through which they freely wash and ebb away again.

"London has gone Continental," or "gone international" or even

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"gone American." So people have been saying ever since austerity began to let up eight or nine years ago, and there is some truth in it. The *espresso* coffee machine, an import from Italy all streamlined aluminum and steam, has launched hundreds of coffee bars where the young dawdle, chatter, even break out into the guitar-and-washboard music called skiffle. Boys in Edwardian velvet jackets bawl hillbilly songs that might or might not be recognized in Tennessee, amid settings that might or might nor be recognized in Havana and Bangkok. Restaurants multiply and it is easier than ever before to eat well and late—if you know where to go; a few even venture to put tables outside.

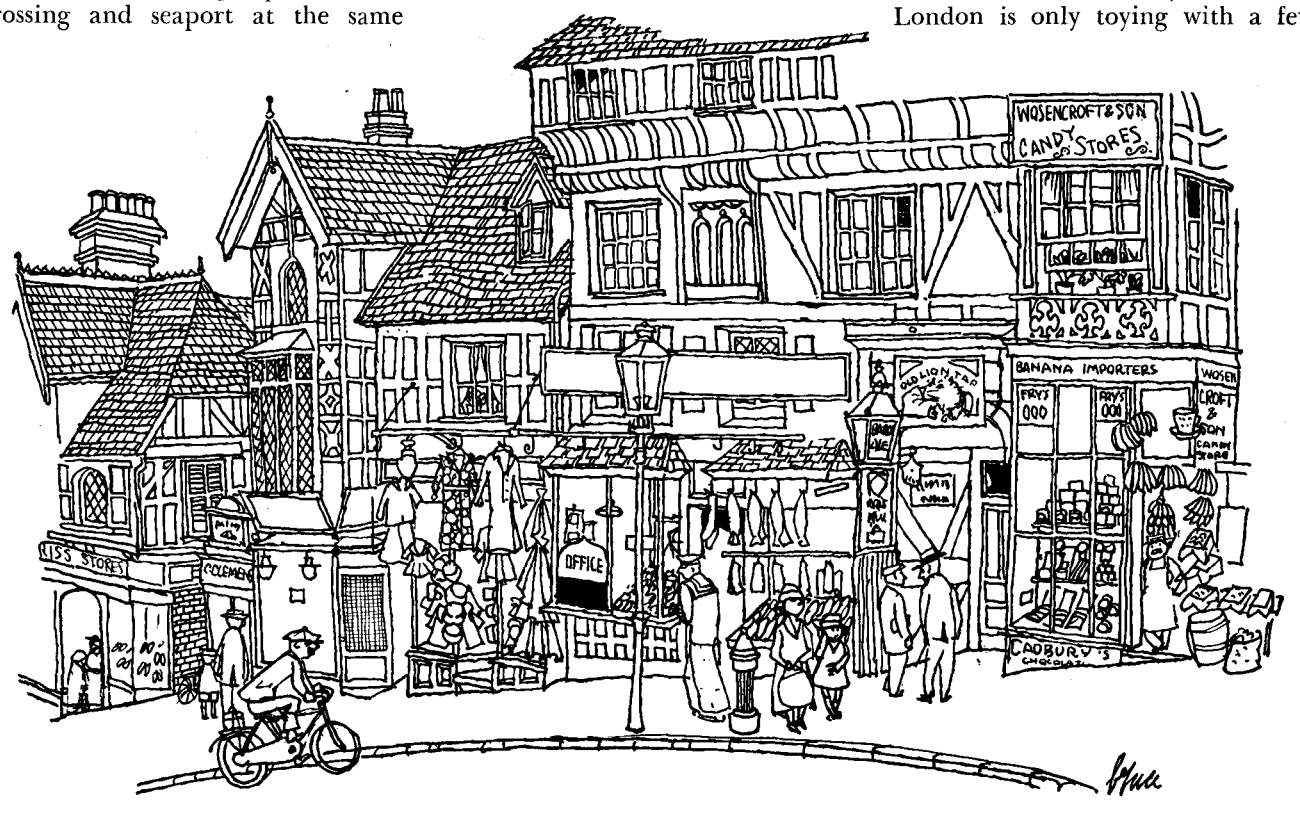
But London has not really settled into new ways. After a few months the little place you thought so pleasant begins to change; the coffee grows weaker as the decorations become more riotous, the aboriginal chip—a potato fried in segments thick as your finger—creeps into the menu, the young out-of-work actresses behind the steaming machine look glum, and soon everyone flocks to a new refuge.

THIS IS NOT an ancient town, though there has always been a settlement at this strategic point, river crossing and seaport at the same time. Even in the City, the square mile that once was the whole of London, the two Great Fires—of 1666 and 1940—finished off much of what traders of all ages had spared. Between the Tower and Westminster Hall, which together span the whole range of the Middle Ages—the one squat and fearful, the other loftily suited to angels and banners—little of medieval London remains except the names and the crookedness of streets like Fish Hill or Poultry, where bankers sit behind an Edwardian's grimy idea of a Renaissance façade.

Where even Paris can show a whole island left nearly as it was in the seventeenth century, London is a child of the earliest of industrial revolutions. Her special contribution to the art of living in towns, the square of houses all severely alike but softened by lawns and plane trees in a central garden, enabled eighteenth-century merchants to combine sociableness with privacy: even now only the dwellers around the square have the key to the garden behind its fence and locked gate, though the latest rise in property values ensures that some of the occupants are lawyers or publishers who, when dusk turns the lawn purple, are on their way home to yet more private redoubts twenty miles away.

So too the rich now live in what were once stables and workmen's cottages, thrown up a century and a half ago to house the servants of the rich. Who would have thought that these little shells of dwellings could look (and be) so expensive behind a coat of white paint, a scarlet front door, and a couple of window boxes? Or foreseen that the six-story stucco canyons, where Victorian servants lugged coals from cellar to attic to warm a household of ten children, would decline into apartments, to be rented south of the Park to advertising copywriters and dowagers, north of the Park to students and Bohemians?

THE ONE THING that the Victorians might have imagined—that their descendants in turn would make a new town as they themselves did—is just what has not happened. London adds something day by day to her nineteenth-century self; she does not repudiate it. The thing best calculated to send angry letters tumbling into newspaper offices is a proposal to cut down a row of tottering elms in Kensington Gardens. Gothic spires of the 1870's accumulate love as they accumulate soot. New York after a few years' absence startles one like a woman who has dyed her hair; London is only toying with a few



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decorous streaks. Though great new blocks are now going up all over town, London does not even dream of anything so bold and lovely as Lever House on Park Avenue; here glass, steel, and concrete all go to say, "Yes, we are changing, but not too much: don't rush us."

Subterraneans on the Move

Yet change there is. The people who fill the buildings move about in swift, almost subterranean migrations. Who decided after the war that Chelsea was too expensive and that the right place for unwashed, turtleneck-sweatered Bohemia was Victorian Notting Hill at the northwest corner of Kensington Gardens? Or that Charles Lamb's Islington, in 1945 a genteel slum amid crumbling

plaster sphinxes, was the right place for directors of the National Gallery and popular broadcasters? Nobody knows. Little Polands and now Little Hungaries have sprung up on the fringes of Kensington, complete with delicatessens, and now there is a growing Little Jamaica in South London. An occasional rash of chalked signs reading "K.B.W." (Keep Britain White) and more discreet "No Coloured" notices in advertisements for rooms suggest that London is laying up for itself the kind of problem with which the Puerto Rican immigration has faced New York.

South London, too, is the home of the Cockney folk hero of the moment, the young rock 'n' roller: Camberwell, Clapham, Walworth, Bermondsey—that is where the gangs come from. The boys wear tight trousers and ducktail haircuts and dream of making a record that will sell a million copies before they are seventeen. With their painful approximations to American accents they have displaced the pearly kings and queens (carnival figures with pearl buttons sewn all over their clothes), and they do far less harm than you might gather from the wise heads who write letters to the *Times*.

London, the original of Hogarth's Gin Lane, where only sixty years ago some districts were unsafe for well-dressed citizens at night, is now one of the mildest-mannered towns on earth. Sunday couples at Speakers' Corner stroll around the Irish Anti-Partition orator and the graybeard for whom "dy-vorce" is the root of all our troubles—at the very spot where once their ancestors egged on the Tyburn hangman; Dirty Dick's in the home-loving East End is a tourist showplace; and although Piccadilly Circus and Soho are an obvious red-light district (as they have been at most times, including the Victorian), the only good riots are likely to be the work of out-of-towners who, on the night after the England-Wales Rugby match, try to storm the statue in the middle of the Circus—naked Eros.

London's unchanging villages are not clusters of houses; they are webs of professional ties and friendships. Though the members of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers have probably not handled a wet mackerel since the day they were born—they are City businessmen nowadays—the old guild feeling dies hard. Lawyers in pubs off Fleet Street and stockbrokers off Lombard Street earn the name of penguins with their black coats, white collars, and striped trousers; cabinetmakers saw away together in dingy Shoreditch; the surgeons' Jaguars stand double-parked in Harley Street; in Whitehall the Order of the Rolled Umbrella is still strong; market porters seem almost to own Covent Garden, where Dame Margot Fonteyn at the Opera House rises from cabbage leaves like Venus from the foam and drinks are served in the small hours (but not to eavesdropping tourists). In all the square miles of seemingly faceless streets there is a right spot to run a newspaper, open a secondhand jeweler's shop, discuss modern poetry. It is the spot where everyone else is already doing the same thing, and where you can all get together to swap inside stories and confirm that a profession is, in the ancient sense, a mystery.

MYSTERIOUS, too, is the web of personal relations. London has an acute case of the disease of hugeness, more acutely than New York because there are no wide natural breaks in the sprawl of the town. At morning she breathes in the hundreds of thousands, at evening expels them again on a breath made fetid by the day's comings and goings. To visit friends or to keep an appointment are adventures to be prepared days ahead: so many quarters of an hour for the journey by subway and bus, so many minutes to find a house lost in the world's most bewildering system of street names and numbers. When at last you get there you find, among friends, a slight extra warmth of greeting. "Ah, you've *made* it," they seem to say, knowing that, defeated by subways and traffic jams and baby sitters, you will probably not work yourselves up to another meeting for some months to come. Casual dropping in on anyone but neighbors is almost impossible; each gathering is a little victory over the anonymous streets outside.

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MOVIES: The Twilight Of an Aging Prodigy

GERALD WEALES

IT IS SEVENTEEN YEARS since *Citizen Kane* elbowed its way onto American screens. Today its technical trickery—the angle shot, the distortion, the echo, the use of music—seems dated, self-consciously artistic, but the devaluation of *Citizen Kane* has been one of the results of its own influence. Although the techniques Orson Welles used were not innovations, he displayed them with such flashiness, dramatized them with such flamboyance, and organized them with such a solid sense of the film as a unified work that they passed into the vocabulary of ordinary movie-making. By now we have seen the tricks so often and so often emptied of content—not only in low-budget gangster films, but in Welles's own later efforts—that *Citizen Kane* itself has come to seem almost a cliché. Yet it is and will remain one of the most important American movies.

A film is a finished product; a filmmaker is not. *Citizen Kane* can be dressed in an appropriate date—1941—and can be pigeonholed as a climax of the art films of the 1930's. Orson Welles cannot be so easily disposed of; he did not quit making films with *Citizen Kane*. There is a critical bromide, one for which there is plentiful evidence, that American writers hit young and decay quickly: F. Scott Fitzgerald is the classic proof; John Steinbeck and John Dos Passos, whose new books are always greeted with sad shakes of the head, are continuing examples. Orson Welles is ordinarily explained (or explained away) by the same formula.

He followed *Citizen Kane* the next year with *The Magnificent Ambersons*, perhaps his best picture. But after that, what was there? He performed, sometimes well, sometimes badly, in other men's pictures. He made *The Lady from Shanghai*, a strange mixture of corn and quality. After the war, Welles was cited as a standard example of the death of a talent, the taming of a bright young man. He went to Europe, where he made two Shakespeare films (I missed the *Macbeth* and wish I had missed the *Othello*) that confirmed everyone's worst suspicions. Now he is back in this country at work again.

A Descending Triad

Touch of Evil (written by Orson Welles, directed by Orson Welles, starring Orson Welles—there is a reminiscent ring to that triad) came creeping quietly into the theaters a few weeks ago. No fanfare. No publicity. Universal-International dumped *Touch of Evil* into the neighborhood theaters in New York (it played first-run houses in some other cities) as though they wanted to get the film off their hands in a hurry.

The long descent from *Citizen Kane* goes on, and yet *Touch of Evil* need not have been treated so shabbily. I cannot pretend that Welles's new film is a good one. It is not. It is often laughably bad, often pompously bad. Yet it has virtues. For one thing, it is not dull; and that, in a decade of big-budget, wide-screen, many-starred extravaganzas, is a pleasant surprise. It also makes an attempt—a fruitless one as it turns out—to deal with a serious theme.

In *Touch of Evil*, as in *The Lady from Shanghai*, Welles is concerned with power and corruption. The film is about Hank Quinlan (played grossly by Welles, who has broadened physically if not as an artist since *Citizen Kane*), a police captain whose compulsion to punish thieves and murderers is so strong that he plants evidence to ensure convictions.

This strange figure could be the focus for a genuine study of character, but Welles sees Quinlan, as he sees everyone in the film, as a grotesque. The weird angle shots that emphasize his bulk, the decay of his face, and his ponderous movements so dehumanize him that at the end, after he has been beaten and has been destroyed by his puppy-dog-loyal assistant, he is only a fallen gargoyle. The few lines of epitaph, spoken by Marlene Dietrich (billed as a guest star, although actually she plays a supporting role), become completely fatuous in the light of what has gone before: "He was some kind of man. What does it matter what you say about people?"

ALTHOUGH Quinlan is more bizarre than believable, he at least has force as Welles plays him. All of the other characters—Dietrich's Mexican madame, Akim Tamiroff's pop-eyed gangster, Dennis Weaver's slightly mad motelkeeper, the honeymooning couple who stumble into danger, the black-jacketed kids who take part in a faked dope party—are simple parody. All the angles and distortion of *Citizen Kane* are used here to heighten the grotesque, and as often as not they become simply absurd. The last scene, a preposterous walk in which the honeymooning Mexican detective tries to get Quinlan's confession on record, is complete hokum—and it is not even the amusing hokum of the showdown in the carnival fun house that ended *The Lady from Shanghai*.

Touch of Evil is pure Orson Welles and impure balderdash, which may be the same thing. It shows, as all Welles's films do, that he is a man who understands the ways in which a camera can be used, and that he will sacrifice plot and verisimilitude for an attempt at a consistent mood—in this case an almost tangible sense of corruption. Unfortunately, the line between the corrupt and the comic is a thin one, and Welles keeps slipping over. *Touch of Evil* may not be much of a film, but it was made by a man who has a genuine and personal movie style. As a result, it is much more interesting than, say, the witless *Witness for the Prosecution*, which also has a collection of stereotypes and Dietrich in a black fright wig. *Touch of Evil* is not a good movie, but it is a good bad movie, which is more fun to see than the mediocre or even the adequate.

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The Economic Embarrassment Of America's Riches

STUART CHASE

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY, by John Kenneth Galbraith. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

"To create the demand for new automobiles we must contrive elaborate and functionless changes each year and then subject the consumer to ruthless psychological pressures to persuade him of their importance. Were this process to falter or break down, the consequences would be disturbing."

This quotation gives at once the major theme and the literary flavor of Professor Galbraith's new book about the American economy. It is a study both witty and profound, and it will probably be more popular with observant laymen than with the specialists of the learned faculty. It throws a new light on the complicated and paradoxical problems of the postwar age, a light that some may find blinding.

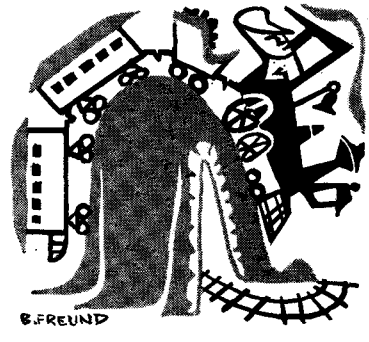
The paragraph I have quoted was written in the fall of 1957, when the cloud in the economic sky was no bigger than a man's hand. Today the process of persuading the consumer of the importance of the unimportant has faltered very badly indeed, and the consequences are more than disturbing—with one Detroit worker in five unemployed.

Gross Tonnage and the Good Life

Some of us lay economists were wrestling in the 1930's with questions of affluence and abundance, but Professor Galbraith brings the analysis up to the moment, noting new factors and trends—such as creeping inflation, the reversal of the population growth-rate curve, and the massive increase in consumer credit. He speaks, furthermore, from within the academic grove rather than outside it. Only Thorstein Veblen, sometime president of the American Economic Association, ventured a similar nonconformity in biting the hand that fed him; and only Veblen, of all the heavy artillery of a generation ago, is clearly remembered by the layman today.

Galbraith's *American Capitalism,* published in 1952, advanced the theory of "countervailing power." Big Industry, Big Distribution (mail-order houses and chain stores), Big Agriculture (with the most puissant lobby in Congress), Big Labor, and Big Government were described as five mighty power centers, grinding one another down and preventing any one from emerging as czar of the economy. None lost an opportunity to call another czar—but that was part of the countervailing process.

Mr. Galbraith's theory was widely discussed at the time. Many found it persuasive, though applicable to a more or less temporary situation. In *The Affluent Society,* the analysis runs deeper and the view is longer. This book is the first comprehensive attempt to describe a phenomenon



unknown in any society since civilization began, and to formulate its trends and rules—"laws" may be too strong a term. In all previous societies, and in most societies still, material poverty has been the common lot. The two great theoretical structures of *laissez faire* and Marxism are based squarely on the assumption of poverty for the majority.

The United States has shattered all tradition and all previous theory by providing a majority of citizens with goods well above the line of subsistence, leaving only a minority still poor—"case" poverty, where the breadwinner is sick or feeble-minded or alcoholic, and "insular" poverty, as in the Ozarks.

Affluence has been won in one society at least—Canada, Australia, and western Europe are following a similar trend—but it is not to be confused with Utopia. The formula, or better the behavior pattern, by which the United States maintains its affluent supremacy is shaky; while the good life, in the sense of a balanced supply of goods and services, still eludes most of us. We are at once affluent in gross tonnage of fin-tailed cars and poverty-stricken in the more lasting forms of satisfaction—a lopsided society in a lopsided economy. Television for everybody; inadequate schoolrooms and teaching staff for hundreds of thousands of children.

CAN THE BALANCE be righted? Galbraith believes there is a possibility, not so much by virtue of reforming zeal but because trends are running in that direction. (And, I might add, because of Russian competition.) He offers some stimulating proposals to bring the economy into balance, but warns that they will be fought by the "conventional wisdom"—a spook that haunts this essay. New Dealers will combine with classicists in objecting to some of the proposals.

The study accepts no ideology, Right, Left, or Center. It cuts through the words and slogans to discover what is actually going on out there in the market place. Some such course as the book outlines may turn out to be the only possible way for an open society to keep its affluence—the only way for a modern democracy to adjust to an economy of abundance. Certainly this sort of objective examination must be made before a course can be charted.

The argument follows an orderly pattern, alternating between closely reasoned technical analysis and illuminating cases often imbued with irony and wit. Galbraith takes the dismal science out into the sunlight. A good deal of the argument is addressed more to his confreres than to the general reader, and much effort is expended digging foxholes for protection against the academic

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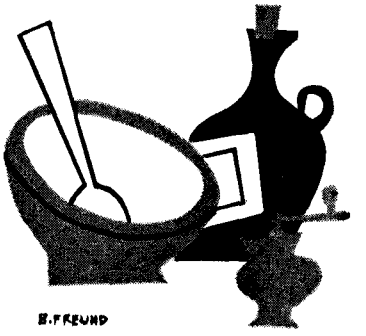
brickbats that are bound to be thrown. Veblen too was a foxhole digger; but I wonder if such shelters are still necessary. I wish some of the energy that went into defensive strategy had been devoted to a comparison of American affluence with the Russian performance in a closed society, especially the allocation of capital goods, and the chances for affluence in other open socicties of the West. The reader is sometimes in doubt, moreover, as to whether conventional wisdom or the author is speaking, and has to retrace his steps to find out. But we can't have everything, and I suspect that no sensible plans for the future of democratic societies can be made without reference to this analysis.

THE STORY BEGINS with the great traditional assumptions in economics, outlined by Adam Smith, then made precise by David Ricardo and ferocious by Herbert Spencer. It is interesting to remember that Marx built solidly on Ricardo, and was so convinced of the latter's validity that he thought the only escape from the relentless laws of capitalism was violent revolution. Ricardo and company assumed: (1) poverty for the majority; (2) inequality enforced by the iron law of wages; (3) insecurity for both entrepreneur (the risk taker) and worker; (4) the beneficence of private production in any amount and any variety; (5) the insatiability of human wants; and (6) the necessity of free competition to insure maximum output, government to act as arbiter only. Herbert Spencer even demanded that governments get out of the business of running schools and delivering mail.

Some of these assumptions still exist in Asia today—mass poverty, for instance, and inequality between sheik and shepherd. In the West, however, and especially in the United States, we have been veering away from them for a hundred years, until now a vast gulf separates the conventional wisdom from actual behavior. Mass poverty is gone. Inequality has been profoundly modified, especially by the graduated income tax—a mechanism that would make Ricardo turn in his grave and Marx refuse to believe his eyes. Insecurity for the rank and file has been reduced by social-security legislation, fringe benefits in industry, and the manifold provisions of the welfare state. The free market has been profoundly altered by the administered prices of Big Business, by the contracts of Big Unions, by subsidies to farmers, and by increasing governmental regulations.

Galbraith devotes a fascinating section of his book to the trans-



formation of the risk taker, the "venture capital" man, into the keeper of a corporate fortress that is well-nigh impregnable to risk. For many years the managers of large corporate enterprise have been trying, with the utmost prudence and diligence, to eliminate risk, until now they have only a major depression to fear. (Note how prices have continued to rise in the current recession even as demand declines; the big boys have driven risk taking to the ropes.)

All Hail the G.N.P.!

But it is against the classical assumption of an abstract and limitless "production" that Galbraith makes his most novel and striking contribution. Conservatives and liberals alike, the N.A.M. and the A.D.A., genuflect before G.N.P.—Gross National Product. "We'll hit $600 billion by 1970" seems to be all we know, and all we need to know. The classical assumption stands firm, but the facts of economic behavior are anything but firm. To boost the G.N.P. every year demands that consumers must be bludgeoned by ever more frenzied publicity, including motivational research, into accepting the importance of the unimportant. This acceptance entails a mammoth increase in consumer credit to finance the purchase of the unimportant, at least in the areas of planned obsolescence. Creeping inflation becomes inevitable, together with a staggering waste of good iron, copper, oil, and other natural resources.

But human wants are *not* insatiable. As one's income grows, one's wants shift, and at certain limits tend to cease altogether. Poverty-stricken societies may talk about insatiable wants; affluent societies should be more discriminating. There is a limit to what a human being can eat, a limit to the number of cars one can cram into a garage, a limit to the number of television programs that can be watched simultaneously on separate sets for each member of the family.

Veblen in 1900 could talk about conspicuous consumption, but Galbraith talks about the growing enclaves of inconspicuous consumption, where a Volkswagen is a better symbol of prestige than a Cadillac, where—heaven help Madison Avenue—one keeps down with the Joneses. Our author describes the emergence of a new social class that cares more for the interest of the job than for the pay, in which satisfactions run more in professional work well done than in gross tonnage of stuff consumed.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT change has occurred in the conventional wisdom since Ricardo's time, primarily as a consequence of the great depression. The goal of full employment and high wages is now supported by practically everybody in America. How else indeed can the affluent society absorb its own production? This goal entails, however, a painful side effect in the wage-price spiral and more inflation. "Where inflation is concerned," Galbraith notes, "nearly everyone finds it convenient to confine himself to conversation. All branches of the conventional wisdom are equally agreed on the undesirability of any remedies that are effective." Effective means of combating inflation conflict with the ideal of production for the sake of full employment, and a bigger G.N.P.

There is a theory that advancing the discount rate by the Federal Reserve will check inflation, but recent monetary history, alas, shows this to be an illusion. Such changes, furthermore, can be dangerous by

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checking business investment and encouraging unemployment, while administered prices soar majestically upward. The same attitudes that lead us to advocate full employment and the use of industrial plant at capacity "deny us the measures to prevent inflation." This is a shattering conclusion, but I am afraid it is true.

Surfeited Yet Still Hungry

Conventional wisdom maintains that wants originate in the breast of the consumer, and that business should employ all available resources to satisfy them. Galbraith takes a close look at the advertising pages of our slick magazines and comes to the more realistic conclusion that the producer now manufactures not only the goods but the wants. Independent choice rules undefiled in the textbooks but not in the market place, and certainly not in the offices of B.B.D.O. To this method of packing goods and wants in one blunderbuss he gives the name "dependence effect," and it is cardinal in our affluent society.

As sane men, however, do become surfeited, the difficulties and costs of manufacturing the wants mount steadily. If sane men really desired unlimited production as an end in itself, the hours of labor would not have been cut in half since the Civil War. Think of all the stuff we might be able to produce on an eighty-hour week!

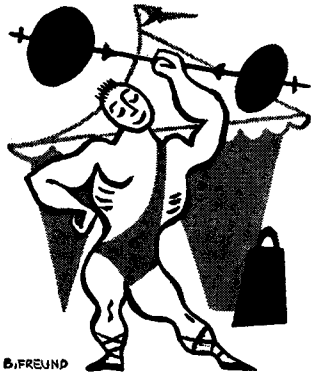
Our affluent society suffers from another serious malady—its neglect of what Galbraith calls "social balance." Even the sanest American is not surfeited by certain kinds of goods; as a matter of fact, he is starved for them. They lie, however, in the public rather than in the private sector. They cannot be wrapped in cellophane and sold. They include such things as schools, scholarships for bright youngsters, research in pure science, parks, playgrounds, hospitals, mental-health research, care of the aged, safer highways and airways, urban redevelopment, conservation, open spaces, clean rivers, the arts, the opportunity to relax and invite one's soul. Massive as the G.N.P. may be, it is remarkably deficient in many of the things that make life worth living.

Conventional wisdom holds that only private output constitutes wealth; public output is at best a necessary evil. So we picnic on exquisitely packaged foods, from a portable icebox, beside a polluted stream lined with empty beer cans and billboards. "The counterpart of increasing opulence will be deepening filth," of which the smog of Los Angeles is perhaps the supreme example.

If we could achieve a balance of true wealth, the range of true wants would expand, leaving less to be contrived by the higher salesmanship. Or, as Galbraith concludes, "At least this is a plausible hypothesis."

The Doctor's Prescription

With this plausible hypothesis the book might well end. Galbraith has taken the affluent society apart, to



find that it cannot continue indefinitely on its present course; inflation, unbalanced output, and consumer rebellions are becoming unmanageable, and a new formula must be found.

He then proceeds to make five suggestions for recovering balance. I did not find them as exciting as the analytical work, but I believe they indicate the sort of thing that must be done. Galbraith advocates:

¶ A flexible system of unemployment compensation, financed outside of actuarial standards by the Federal government, on top of what the states may do. As unemployment increases, scales of compensation go up until they are just under weekly earnings. As unemployment declines, scales go down. Thus when jobs are plentiful the system will provide little incentive for malingering; when jobs are scarce, no useful distinction can be made between those who are idle voluntarily and those unable to find work. A full head of consumer demand is meanwhile maintained, and "the effect . . . is to make tolerable the unemployment which is associated with price stability." We cannot hope to check inflation without having some unemployment from time to time; this fact must be faced.

¶ Limited price and wage controls. Not nearly so drastic as during the war, but enough to stop the wage-price spiral.

¶ A Federal tax system that will automatically divert a share of increasing income taxes to public authority for public purposes—schools, roads, hospitals, and the rest.

¶ An expanded sales tax for maintaining social balance in states and cities. Liberals will cry havoc. A sales tax hurts the poor! But there are no poor in affluent societies; at least almost nobody is below the line of subsistence. "A poor society rightly adjusts its fiscal policy to the poor." Wake up, friends—it isn't that kind of economy any more!

¶ Good schools, public services, medical care, and scholarships guaranteed to the children of that minority which is still poor—the "case" poor and the "insular" poor. The children must not suffer. In Russia today, every gifted child is given all the education he can absorb. Can we do less?

These five proposals, while novel, are comfortably within the limits of an open society, far short of socialism, defined as the public ownership of the means of production.

The sober reader, while admitting that there is nothing subversive about Mr. Galbraith's program, may say the time is not ripe for such drastic changes. The sober reader should remember, however, that we are in an economic race with Russia and China for the uncommitted peoples of the world. Unless we are ready to experiment with new ideas and new machinery to preserve our open society from disastrous inflations and depressions, we shall surely lose the race, and perhaps our democracy along with it.

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Love That Dichotomy!

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

THE POWER OF BLACKNESS: HAWTHORNE, POE, MELVILLE, by Harry Levin. *Alfred A. Knopf. $4.*

"Bouillabaisse," according to Webster, is "A fish chowder very elaborately seasoned and always made of two kinds of fish." It begins to appear as if American literary criticism, when dealing with the United States, has turned its material into bouillabaisse, with characteristic constituents and aroma. These include elements as disparate yet essential as Jonathan Edwards and Scott Fitzgerald, Cotton Mather and E. (for Early) Hemingway. There must be a heavy dash of original sin; at least a *soupçon* of Tocqueville, Huck Finn, and Faulkner's "The Bear"; and a symbolic allspice that involves scarlet letters, white whales, black cats, and golden bowls. As for the two fish in the chowder, they may be identified —usually in company with the talismanic words "dichotomy," "tension," "ambiguity," "ambivalence"— as America and Europe, or variously as redskin and paleface, hope and memory, the transcendental and the pragmatic, optimism and pessimism.

This is an ambitious kind of criticism, one that implies, among other things, a fundamental critique of American society and American values. How its exegesis reverberates: what ghosts and marvels, crimes and disasters it conjures up. Sometimes the reader reacts with the uneasy, swiftly stifled suspicion that the literature itself is being made to bear more burdens than it can properly sustain; that in important senses it is a half-baked literature, which never fully came into being until the critics of a later day arrived to clarify and dignify what it left obscure, to obscurify what was too drably clear. Sometimes the reader tires of critics' ingenuities, once he has gone through the initiatory ritual of myth and symbol. Must every journey be a quest, every speaker an oracle, every incident a portent?

For Mr. Levin, the organizing principle (or dichotomy) is blackness-whiteness. Accepting the notion that "symbolism has been the intrinsic mode of American writing," and taking for his title the well-known praise by Melville of Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse*, he inquires into the prevalence of blackness in the work of these two writers and of their contemporary Poe. Blackness as actual color, as metaphor, as *décor*, as night, as despair (in contrast to what he sees as the overjolly affirmations of official American dogma), as tragedy, as claustrophobia, as slavery, evil, guilt—all these and other aspects are investigated. Their opposite, white, is not ignored either; nor are Edwards, Fitzgerald, Faulkner. . . . Since Mr. Levin manages also to mention scores of the stories and sketches of the three major figures in his short book, and to allude in passing to a number of European writers and European parallels, an unsympathetic reader might think that an appropriate subtitle would have been the one that was invented by a British humorous writer some years ago—*A Short Trot with a Cultured Mind.*

IN DEFENSE of Mr. Levin and of other explorers in this realm, it could be maintained that literary criticism, like the misdemeanor of Hester Prynne and Mr. Dimmesdale in *The Scarlet Letter*, has a consecration of its own. Even if there were not a great deal to go upon, American critics would be justified—short of absolute silliness—in extracting everything they can from the national heritage. And there is a great deal to go upon. It is an astonishing heritage, in which the failures and aberrations are as interesting as the more conventional successes. To stop short, to note merely the frequent derivativeness or hysteria, to deplore the lack of form and loss of direction, is to ignore an extraordinary record of aspiration, passion, and abstraction.

I think one must conclude that there is nothing chauvinistic in the argument that these features are markedly even if not exclusively American. So too is the emphasis on a black cosmos, on the first person (as Adam and as "I"), on the adolescent personality displaced between childhood and maturity. The American writers with whom Mr. Levin deals meet him more than halfway. His necessary self-consciousness as a critic merges with the enlarged self-consciousness of his subjects.

Perhaps a few literary critics have approached too near absolute silliness. The charge cannot be established against Mr. Levin. If his book is not staggeringly novel, if he hastens a little breathlessly down the vistas of myth and symbol, he still proves a resourceful guide. His main theme is developed with intelligence and subtlety. He plays adroitly with other ideas, large and small. He is, for example, remarkably ingenious with the notion of "home," pointing out that Hawthorne's titles often refer to a home or habitation, and linking this with Hawthorne's inward expatriation at Salem, as well as with the house-that-is-not-a-home in Poe and with Melville's antitheses of homeward-yearning voyages and sea-craving landfalls.

His book is full of perceptive incidental comment. Thus, "Hawthorne's affirmations are double negatives, the author's repudiation of his characters' denials." Or on Poe, "Working under pressure, he could not afford to become a devotee of the single precise word; instead, he seems to grope for several approximate synonyms, so that his writing smells of the thesaurus." Mr. Levin is rather less acute on Melville, possibly because so many others have been there before him.

BUT IF SOME of his observations are a shade *vieux jeu*, there is not a stupid sentence anywhere. His achievement in this volume is not so pioneering as that of, say, Van Wyck Brooks or Lewis Mumford, so monumental as that of F. O. Matthiessen, so pertinacious as that of Perry Miller, or so fresh as that of Henry Nash Smith. However, it is on their high level that he deserves to be judged. For, like them, he persuades us that the bouillabaisse is a fabulous concoction.

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Half-People In a Double World

MEG GREENFIELD

THE WORLD OF EVELYN WAUGH, edited by Charles J. Rolo. *Little, Brown. $6.*

Anthologies of this kind, I suspect, are bought not so much to read as to give away. They find their place in the unreachable heights of the bookcase or beside the gladiolus in the sickroom. And because what is known as "early" Waugh (the first fifteen years of his thirty years of novel writing) is so much better than later Waugh, the case for anthologizing excerpts from a cross-section of his work seems to me particularly weak.

Waugh's best novels, most of which are represented in this collection, precede *Brideshead Revisited* (1945); they deal in a highly satirical way with Mayfair society between the two world wars, the society of the Bright Young People. *Decline and Fall, Vile Bodies, A Handful of Dust,* and *Put Out More Flags* are largely concerned with this milieu. In *Scoop,* which is not included, and *Black Mischief,* Waugh's travels in Africa are transformed into extraordinary satires of political intrigue in what we should nowadays call undeveloped and uncommitted countries.

The later novels represented here (*Brideshead Revisited, The Loved One, Officers and Gentlemen, The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*) have less in common with one another in terms of subject matter; in them the Waugh hero emerges more clearly and moves toward his definition in the semi-autobiographical *Gilbert Pinfold.*

The High Invariable Voice

In his introduction, Mr. Rolo points out that Waugh did not, as a common misconception would have it, undergo a sudden late conversion to either his Catholicism or his conservatism. The change we find in *Brideshead,* he claims, results from Waugh's loss of detachment. Both observations are true. What seems more important to me is that Waugh's early comedy contained in its very nature the seeds of later, lesser Waugh. When Lady Margot Metroland steps from her dove-gray Hispano-Suiza in the first of the many novels she is to appear in—"two lizard-skin feet, silk legs, chinchilla body, a tight little black hat pinned with platinum and diamonds, and the high invariable voice that may be heard in any Ritz Hotel from New York to Buda-Pesth"—she is, like so many of the early Waugh people, sufficiently stylized and fragmentary to be developed as either a satiric or a romantic figure.

". . . We keep company in this world," Charles Ryder says in *Brideshead,* "with a hoard of abstractions and reflections and counterfeits of ourselves . . ." Such fragments and distortions of the whole human being in fact comprise Waugh's characters. Abstractions, reflections, counterfeits—sometimes no more than voices—they appear in the early novels as if from the Restoration stage, uttering their improbable and impudent lines. Even the more serious characters such as Brenda Last, the unfaithful wife in *A Handful of Dust,* are composites of a few recognizable qualities selected and heightened.

Waugh's Mayfair people are silly, confident, spoiled, and wholly dissolute. The heroines are incomparable in their smoothness, abandon, and chic. The heroes may either be earnest young men who have been drawn into the Mayfair jungle or shrewd and cynical products of it. We follow them through their schools and love affairs and wars, watching them meet each new personal or public disaster in the same irrelevant way, in a society where guilt rarely takes any form more complicated than the hangover.

Around the Bright Young People Waugh creates a wealth of characters even more fragmentary than they, who represent social classes and institutions. In his satire of the diplomat, the do-gooder, the decaying English family in its decaying country house, the bore, the nanny, the vicar, Waugh seems to me to reach his highest achievement. Take for example the press lord (Lord Copper), his paper (the *Daily Beast*), and the nature of the reporting he requires from his correspondent: "The British public has no interest in a war which drags on indecisively. A few sharp victories, some conspicuous acts of personal bravery on the Patriot side, and a colorful entry into the capital. That is the *Beast* Policy for the war."

'The Most Awful Dreams'

These fragmentary characters create and inhabit a double world. There is, first, the world of fact—the actual event—and then there is its public version. The discrepancy between the event (a tipsy tart hanging herself accidentally from a chandelier at a party) and its wire-service version ("The death occurred early this morning at a private hotel in Dover Street of Miss Florence Ducane, described as being of independent means, following an accident in which Miss Ducane fell from a chandelier which she was attempting to mend. . . .") is Waugh's constant theme.

The wire-service world echoes the voice of officialdom, of middle-classness, of convention, sentimentality, and dishonesty. Against it are ranged the hopelessly amoral and unsentimental Waugh people for whom both evil and misfortune are boring or amusing or, in their extremer forms—"too shattering." In the lives of Waugh's people, matters of death, love, doom, and war are treated as

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trivia while trivial matters are made large beyond recognition.

It is true, of course, that Waugh's loss of detachment does not begin with *Brideshead Revisited*. Throughout the comic novels there are moments of fairly explicit judgment, and even Agatha Runcible, daffiest of the Bright Young People, is permitted her deathbed insight: "D'you know," she says, "all that time when I was dotty I had the most awful dreams. I thought we were all driving round and round in a motor race and none of us could stop, and there was an enormous audience composed entirely of gossip writers and gate crashers and Archie Schwert and people like that, all shouting at us to go faster . . ." But here Agatha Runcible simply underlines the meaning of the motor race (exactly described in her vision) which has already been presented clearly by Waugh in a brilliant comic scene.

The point is that from *Brideshead* on Waugh actually asks more of us than an explicit judgment. He asks us to accept the fidelity to nature of the comic world he has drawn and to join him in condemning it. Out of the welter of satiric fragments there emerge in his later novels a hero and heroine who are scarcely more complete or believable than the early Waugh characters but whose reality we are asked to accept and to take seriously.

Cool, calm, wise by nature, they may, like Dennis Barlow in *The Loved One*, stand up bravely for claret in the land of Lavoris, or like Charles Ryder in *Brideshead* wonder complacently "which is the more horrible . . . Celia's Art and Fashion or Rex's Politics and Money."

WAUGH'S WHOLE PURPOSE in his latest book, *Gilbert Pinfold*, seems to have been the creation for the public of an image of a man who is far above caring what the public might think. What is he like? "The tiny kindling of charity which came to him through his religion sufficed only to temper his disgust and change it to boredom . . . Shocked by a bad bottle of wine, an impertinent stranger, or a fault of syntax . . ." He is rather like Agatha Runcible—bored, trivial, and unreal—except that he is not funny.

In the Next Issue of The Reporter

"DOCTOR ZHIVAGO"

You can read the first of three installments from a great new Russian novel now being published in the free world—but still suppressed in the Soviet Union.

"Doctor Zhivago," acclaimed as a historical novel in the tradition of "War and Peace," was written by the famous poet BORIS PASTERNAK, his first original work to be published in 25 years.

The Reporter, in its next three issues, will feature major sections of the novel, which will be published by Pantheon Books September 5.

Critics of all countries have hailed "Doctor Zhivago" as one of the most important works of contemporary Russian literature. It was originally scheduled to be published in the Soviet Union in 1954, and the manuscript was sent to an Italian publisher for publication abroad. But Moscow decided that "Doctor Zhivago" could not be given to the public without radical "revisions," and sought to retrieve the manuscript. The publisher refused—and the Italian version of the book came into print.

Novelist ALBERTO MORAVIA describes "Doctor Zhivago" as "the story of the relationships which can exist between an intellectual and the Revolution, or between a human being in the best and highest sense of the word, and the public events which carry him along with them and bow him down."

And MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE observes: "How remarkable that Pasternak should have outlived Stalin and still have been able so to feel! How ominous for the grisly band who have inherited the 'monstrous machine' to which the Revolution gave rise!"

C. L. SULZBERGER, in The New York Times, reported: "Pasternak is Russia's greatest living poet. A famous literary figure before writing 'Doctor Zhivago,' it had been a quarter of a century since Pasternak's last original published volume . . . 'Doctor Zhivago' has created a sensation and is being translated into several languages. Pasternak's head clearly remains unbowed."

The first selection from "Doctor Zhivago"

appears in the next issue of The Reporter (July 10)

(Please see next page for further details)

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Some of Asia's Many Faces

NATHANIEL PEFFER

SCRATCHES ON OUR MINDS: AMERICAN IMAGES OF CHINA AND INDIA, by Harold R. Isaacs. *John Day. $6.75.*

THE SOUL OF CHINA, by Amaury de Riencourt. *Coward-McCann. $5.*

It has not been proved that what the people of one country think of the people of another country has a direct effect on the relations between the two countries, especially in the larger concerns of peace and war. As between East and West, however, a case can be made, as is testified by the evidence all about us these years in Africa and Asia. The strident voices and irrational, almost hysterical acts and emanations of the former colonial peoples do not arise from political and economic impositions alone; they express a long-cherished bitterness at the former rulers' racial prejudices, their treatment of "natives" as inferior—the white's attitude toward the nonwhite.

On what beliefs was this attitude based and how was it formed? Harold Isaacs, who has himself had long experience in the Far East, set out to learn in an unusual enterprise. In a book with an unfortunate title, he reports his findings. He chose a panel of 181 Americans, more than half of whom had been professionally concerned with China or India. They were not the usual sample of the pollsters. They were of the upper strata economically, culturally, and professionally—in academic life, in mass media (press, radio, and television, writers, publishers) in government, business, the church. And Mr. Isaacs did not approach them with the customary pollsters' questions. These were extended conversations rather than interviews, in which he sought by discussing each man's experience, career, and views of life to elicit his opinions and feelings about China or India.

THE FINDINGS throw revealing psychological sidelights, but they are inconclusive. There are opinions, feelings, biases. In some cases they lie in close, analytical observation, while in some they derive from an early experience or incident, perhaps trivial in itself but leaving a mark in memory. In others they are the expression of an individual's temperament—say an attitude toward religion, toward sanitation, toward efficiency. The caste system, for instance, prejudiced many against India. Chinese *savoir faire,* with its agreeable code of manners, won the favor of some and in others left an impression of insincerity. But on the whole Mr. Isaacs found that what matters most is some early experience developing slowly in "a process of enlargement whereby we people our world with caricatures."

Clearly the Chinese stimulate "liking" more than the Indians do. As Mr. Isaacs puts it, "The Chinese stood highest in the esteem of those who had most contact with them and lowest (though never very low) among those who knew them least. On the other hand, Indians scored better among those who knew them little." This will hardly surprise those who know Asia well. The Chinese are more outgoing, more suave, and they have more highly cultivated the art of softening human contacts, more highly perhaps than any other people in the world. They are in their inner being no less arrogant toward the white man than the Indian (and both are as arrogant toward the white man as the white man is toward them, though both have until now been too weak to show it), but the Chinese are skillful at concealing their arrogance.

What this study shows more than anything else is that just as it is futile to generalize about people as a whole, it is almost as futile to try to know what lies behind the generalizations that men make about other peoples. Through a man's windows we see what a man sees, says Mr. Isaacs, "but little of how he sees it." Probably we can conclude from this, as Mr. Isaacs seems to, that what a man sees reflects his personality. As long as this remains individual and subjective, it does no particular harm, but if massed in a people to form a basis for collective action toward others, it can be dangerous. This point Mr. Isaacs develops with a good deal of acumen. What he has done here is to give an anatomy of attitudes to the outer world. It has its limitations, but it is interesting as a case study.

MR. DE RIENCOURT'S BOOK is of another order. It, too, is unfortunately titled. It is concerned not with the "soul" of China, whatever that may mean, but with the development of Chinese culture. On the breakdown of the traditional culture and the probable causes he is astute. The effects of the western impact, of western science and technology in particular, are analyzed concisely and with insight. In some ways this analysis is more literary than historical, and patterns are made more neatly than the life of countries permits—a weakness of much European writing about the East. But Mr. de Riencourt's book has the merit that it puts China in its setting in time and the world.

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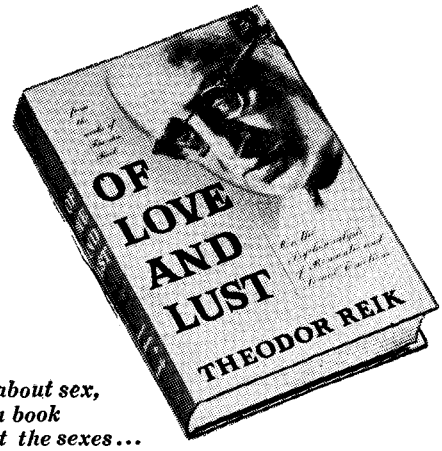

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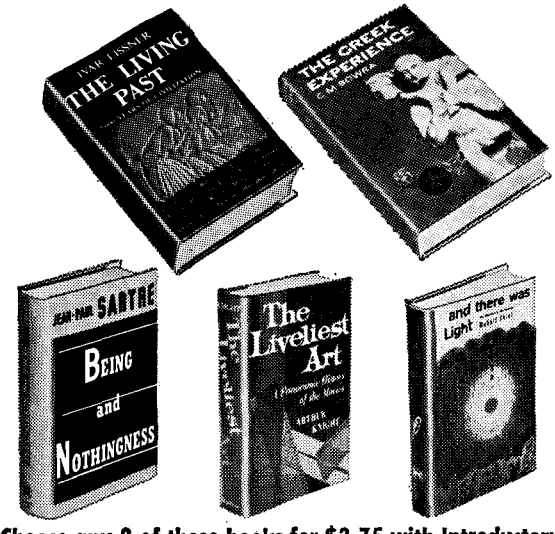

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